Excellentissima Maria.
Cognato reddita Cælo.

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THE Most Excellent MARIA, IN A Brief Character OF Her Incomparable Virtues and Goodneſs.

By Her Eternal Honourer,
Sir EDWARD DERING *Knight.*

Many Daughters have done virtuouſly; But Thou Excelleſt them all. Prov. 31. 29.

Quam vivam amâſſe volupe, defunctam Religio eſt.
Es Numen, & Te mundus æternus tenet,
Credo, triumphas. *Sen. Trag. Her. Oct.*

LONDON:
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MDCCI.

TO

The Virtuous and Only Surviving Sister of the Most Excellent MARIA,

Madam *ANNE EDWIN*,

Of HEREFORD.

MADAM,

TO *love* and honour their *Memories*, to *delight* in the Meditation of their *Goodneſs* and *Virtue*, to *celebrate* upon all Occaſions their juſt *Praiſes*, to *reſpect* all that truly *loved* them, and finally to *long* and *deſire* to be compleatly Happy *with them* in a better *World*, is not only the demonſtration of a moſt ardent *Love* and *Friendſhip*, but the laſt *Duties* of Affection which we owe, and can pay to our *Deareſt* Deceaſed *Friends*. This

and whatever elſe beſpeaks a *Loyal* and Faithful *Loving* Heart, the *Merit* of your *Moſt Excellent* Siſter, and my *Paſſion* for Her, will carry me to. The *Melancholy* Thoughts of my Irreparable *Loſs*, and Her Incomparable *Goodneſs*, is now my *Buſineſs*, and daily *Contemplation*: And having in Her loſt the *Reliſh* of all Worldly *Satisfactions*, I find a kind of Sweetneſs in *Grief*, and Pleaſure in theſe *Sad* Entertainments of my ſelf. This hath produced the following *Sheets*, and drawn from me thoſe ſcattered Thoughts which *Love* and *Grief* prompted to me, into the following undigeſted *Form*, which ſerves for the more Eaſe of my daily *Meditations*, and may be inſtead of a Better *Monument* to Her *Dear* Memory, till I am able to *Erect* it. Thus being deſigned for my own private *Exerciſe*, and to vent with my ſelf the *Pleaſurable* Remembrance of Her *Dear* Affection, there needed no *Addreſs* to *Apologize* for the Undertaking, or to *Excuſe* the *mean* Performance of it, ſo *unequal* to Her Incomparable *Merit*. But not knowing what the Length of *Time* may produce, and that poſſibly hereafter theſe *Papers* (in ſome *Paſſages* of which I may

may have expreſſed more freely the intimate *Reflections* of my *Soul*) may fall with more *diſadvantage* into Other *Hands*; That whether for the better *Preſerving* of them, I ſhould cauſe a few Copies to be *Printed*; Or whether they ſhould *happen* (perhaps after my Life) *ſurreptitiouſly* to be diſperſed, I thought it *Juſt* and fitting that they ſhould be ready *Armed* with ſome *Patronage* prefixed, which might both vindicate Her *Honour*, and find Excuſes for my *weak* Performance, in endeavouring the *Character* of ſo *Excellent* a Lady.

To *You* therefore, *Dear Madam*, I have reſolved to *Addreſs* the enſuing Shadows of my *Moſt Excellent* MARIA, which were the *Reflections* of my *Soul* upon Her, in my Solitudes and *Melancholy* Hours; but (as all *Draughts* muſt be) infinitely *ſhort* of the moſt Accompliſhed *Original*. If ever they come to be ſeen by any Eye that did not *know* or *love* Her, I offer them up into your *Protection*; and if you have not *Power* enough to defend them againſt the *Malice* of all the World, yet I believe you have *Affecti-*

on enough to Juſtify your *Dear and Excellent* Siſter, and *Charity* enough to Pardon my *Errors* and Unworthineſs. I would have the Cenſorious World but be *Juſt* to Her, and *Favourable* to Me, if they could *diſtinguiſh* between an Unfortunate *Good One*, and a Proſperous *Great One*. They would be in *love* with ſuch *Virtue* in a *Cloud*, and *deprecate* the Gaudineſs and Temptation of a Vain *Proſperity*. But bleſſed be God, who judgeth not as Man judgeth; who is *Juſt* and *Wiſe* in all his Diſpenſations, and many times fits us by our *Sufferings* for a more Eternal Weight of *Glory*. I will not ſtrive to expreſs the Unſpeakable *Loſs* which I have ſuffered in Her, becauſe no *Reader* can be capable of apprehending it, when they did not know the *Dear Affection* which was between us; but I leave it to be gathered in *part* from ſuch *Pathetical* Deſcriptions as will be found in ſome of the *Sections* of this Brief *Character* of Her.

There are *two* ſorts of Perſons, whoſe *Candor* and favourable *Judgments* I would *court* and deſire, if I thought it were to any purpoſe; the *One* is the *Ill-*

Ill-natur'd Men, who cenſure all alike; and becauſe there is very little *Goodneſs* and *Virtue* in themſelves, cannot believe there is any in any *body* elſe: The *Other* is Her *Own Sex*, the *Fair Sex*, that hath ſo great an *Empire* in the World; but the *Fair* out of *Jealouſy*, and the *Deformed* out of *Envy* and Spight, ſeldom can endure to hear the moſt juſt *Praiſes* of any of their own *Sex*. Wherefore deſpairing of doing *good* with either of theſe by *courting* them, I leave them to their own *depraved* Underſtandings, and ſlight the *Malice* of the *One*, as there is little cauſe to fear the *Weakneſs* of the *Other*. Nevertheleſs, I do know there are *Some* of the ſame Heavenly *Spirit* as *She* was, that have Her *Humility*, *Meekneſs*, *Temper*, and *Charity*, that can love *Grace* and *Virtue* in Others, even when *afflicted*, and imitate it too. Such I honour, and with ſuch I am ſure Her *Dear Memory* will be always *Sweet* and *Precious*; they will know how to *diſtinguiſh* rightly, and to be *Juſt* to Her, and *Charitable* to Me. Under the *Protection* of Such I caſt my ſelf, and the Cenſure of the enſuing *Meditations*; and at the Head of that

Troop of *Angelical* Souls, I place Your Self, *Madam*, Her Dear *Siſter* by *Blood* and by *Goodneſs* too. Fight Her *Quarrels*, vindicate Her *Cauſe*, aſſert Her *Right*, defend Her *Innocency*, imitate Her *Virtues*, celebrate Her *Praiſes*, and for ever love and honour Her *Bleſſed Memory*.

As for the *Manner*, *Method*, and *Stile* of theſe Diſcourſes, I have ſaid already that they never were deſigned for *Publick* View, but only were my occaſional *Meditations* in my Solitary *Retirements*, for the *Refreſhment* of my own *Spirits*; and therefore how rude and *impolite* ſoever, can need no *Apology*, being intended no further than to preſerve the *Conceptions* of my own Thoughts, and to improve the further *delight* of my *Meditations* upon that Incomparable *Pattern* of all *Virtue* and *Goodneſs*. And if any One that ſhall *happen* to read theſe *Papers*, ſhall think that ſome Paſſages of Our *Familiar Converſation* which I have commemorated, ſeem too *light* and inconſiderable to be *recorded*; I will only ſay, That *Such* do not know the *raviſhing* Pleaſure and *Endearment* that is in the *minuteſt* Acti-

ons

ons, and Expreſſions of *Love* and *Tenderneſs*, between *Two* whoſe *Souls* are United in all the paſſionate *Emulations* of *Love*, and *Honour*, and *Friendſhip*. I am ſure every *little kind* thing that came from Her, was like a new-diſcovered *Treaſure* to me, and nothing ſeemed *Small*, that was at once my *Delight* and *Glory*. Every *minute* Action obliged and delighted me in one *way* or other; either in ſhewing me the *Dearneſs* of her *Affection*, or the *Sweetneſs* of Her *Temper*, or the *Piety* of Her *Soul*, or the *Genteelneſs* of Her *Mien* and *Behaviour*: And therefore *any*, and more than I have mentioned, deſerved to be *recorded*, to be *imitated*, and to find an Eternal *Celebration*. But when they ſhall have the Honour to come to *Your* Hands, to whom they are chiefly *Addreſſed*, (and to whom only I think they may bring a little Satisfaction) I am not *aſhamed* of the *Paſſion* they will diſcover in ſeveral Strains and *Paragraphs*; for I muſt confeſs they were writ with the very Fervor of my *Soul* and *Affections*, and many times not without the guſhing out of a Flood of *Tears*. There can be no Suſpicion of *Diſſimulation*, where the Sorrow is *Vehement*

and

and *Alone*; my *Heart* Spoke what my *Pen* Writ, my Expreſſions were the Dictates of my very *Soul*. Though in the *Character* of Her in any of Her Virtues and Graces, I could no more reach Her Incomparable *Merit*, than I can Fathom the *Sea*, or Number the *Sand* on the Shore. Her due *Praiſes* can be only celebrated by *Angels*, in whoſe *Society* She now is, and joins with that Heavenly *Quire* in Singing Eternal *Hallelujahs*. What I have done may ſuffice for a little *Monument* to preſerve Her *Dear Memory*, and to ſhew She is not quite *Forgotten*, but ſtill *Beloved* by *One* even in Her *Grave*. And ſo far I perſwade my ſelf, that *You* alſo will *Sympathize* with my *Affection* and my *Grief*, as that the *Piety* of the Deſign, and the Warmth and *Paſſion* of ſome Expreſſions (when you *read* them) may move you with a Pleaſure of *Love* and *Sorrow*, and force you to drop a *Tear* to the Memory of Your *moſt Excellent* Siſter. How it may *reliſh* with any Body elſe, I am not much Sollicitous, nothing *Proud* of their *Favour*, nor much *Regardful* of their *Cenſure*. If in juſtly Celebrating Her *Virtues*, I am led ſometimes to *tax* the

the contrary *Vices* or Errors, in ſome whom I do not Name, and any Perſon do *Wince* at it; it is their own *Guilt* makes them do ſo; let them look into their own *Hearts*, and caſt out that *Leaven* they find there, and then they will have no cauſe to *Complain*, or to ſay, any thing I have Writ *points* at them. Otherwiſe let them *take* it to themſelves; where it is *due* let it fall; and it is more *Shame* and Diſhonour that it cannot be *Contradicted*, than that it ſhould be *Spoke*.

I confeſs I ought to make a particular *Apology* for the Meanneſs of the *Poetry* which I adventure to annex; and ſo I do to all *Perſons* that ſhall happen to read *Lines* ſo ſhort and *unworthy* of the Noble *Subject* they would Celebrate. But I have this to Say, That they being my own *Conceptions*, and proceeding from the *Heart* that moſt *Lov'd* and *Honour'd* Her, how *Poor* ſoever the *Fancy* may be, they might yet (upon that account) be more *properly* added, and favourably *Excuſed*, than any Strains of the beſt *Poet Laureat*, whoſe happier *Muſe* perhaps might *flow*, but *Affections* were not touch'd with the

the Noble *Theme.* And I am contented that they be *Expoſed* as far as the whole *Treatiſe* may happen to be, being they proceed from a *Paſſionate* Heart, though I make no pretences to *Poetry.*

But to *Releaſe* you, *Madam*, from the *Penance* of a long *Epiſtle*, I have but One *Requeſt* to make to you, That if ever this comes into your Hands in a *Form* fit for your Peruſal and *Reading*, you will pleaſe to *keep* it to your ſelf, for your own *Cloſet*, and private Exerciſe of *Meditation* upon your *Dear Siſter*, and not to communicate or *expoſe* it to any others, not Affected with the *Subject*, nor juſt *Honourers* of Her. It may perhaps be better *reliſhed* in the World, when all *Prejudiced* Parties, and ſuch as have wanted *Natural Affection* here (and therefore cannot *judge* aright) ſhall be *removed*, and *Diſintereſted* Perſons ſhall come to *Read* and Admire Her Heavenly Virtues and *Graces*, and ſtrive to *Imitate* them, though they muſt fall *ſhort.* In the mean time, I ſhall *Live* and *Dye* in the ſame *Mind*, That few *Equalled* Her, and none ever *Excelled* Her in all manner of *Virtuous* Endow-

Endowments and *Perfections*; Worthy of a far better *Fortune* than She found in this World, but that *She* was deſigned for a more *Exalted* and Eternal State of *Glory*. Whilſt I remain *Unhappy* here behind, give me leave to own the *Title*, which for Her *Dear Sake* I wear, and am beſt *Pleaſed* with, of being with all Sincerity,

Moſt Dear Siſter,

Your moſt Faithful, Affectionate Brother, and Humble Servant;

Edward Dering.

THE

The Contents of the Whole.

E R R A T A.

THese small Errors have hapned at the Press, which an Ingenious Reader would easily amend without notice. *Page* 38. *Line* 17. *dele* the *Comma*. *p.* 101. *l.* 10. *add* a Semicircle) to the *Parenthesis*. *p.* 138. *l.* 16. *for* admire *read* admired. *p.* 201. *l.* 19. *for* Circumstaces *read* Circumstances. *p.* 208. *l.* 12. *dele* and. *p.* 224. *l.* 14. *for* Afflicted *read* Afflicted. *p.* 237. *l.* 19. *for* detemination *read* determination.

TO THE

Ingenious and Unprejudiced

READER.

I *HAD no Intention of making any Addreſs to the* Reader, *as may be eaſily obſerved by ſeveral* Paſſages *in the following* Treatiſe; *it never being deſigned for* Publick *View, but chiefly for my own private* Meditations *upon the* dear *Memory of the* Beſt *of* Ladies; *or at moſt to come into the hands of a Few, that I had reaſon to think did* Love *and* Eſteem *Her while She lived, and do* Honour *Her now She is dead. Beſides, Her* Character *may be more* Endeared *in another* Age *perhaps, even to thoſe that never knew Her or heard of Her, and may be then* read

with ſome Delight *and Admiration, as a* Pattern *worthy to imitate; and ſo Her* Dear Memory *be for ever preſerved and* honoured, *tho Her ſelf be forgot; the* Future *Ages commonly being more* Juſt *and Grateful to* Merit, *as well as more void of Envy and* Prejudice, *than the* Contemporary. *Which Reaſons together did prevail with me to reduce it into this* Form, *that it might be better preſerved, and* conveyed *to ſome Friends, which could not be in a* Looſe *and Foul* Manuſcript *left behind me, when (I truſt) I ſhall meet Her* bleſſed Soul *in Heaven.*

Hoping therefore that it will never fall into the hands of any other, than whom I ſtile the Ingenious *and* Unprejudiced *Readers, I have this now by way of* Advertiſement, *rather than an* Epiſtle, *to ſignify to them, That after the* Impreſſion of *the* Character *I had briefly drawn, was all wrought*

wrought off at the Preſs, *ſome Friends did offer me their Endeavours by ſome* Poems *to Celebrate Her* Memory, *and the* Character *which I had attempted to draw of Her, partly in* Latin, *and partly in* Engliſh *Verſe. Which when I ſaw performed with* Ingenuity *and* Learning, *I thought they might contribute ſomething toward the* Honouring *Her* dear Aſhes, *and be not improperly prefixed before this ſmall* Treatiſe; *I being ſatisfied that I can never erect* Monuments *and* Pyramids *enow to Her* Honour, *and to perpetuate Her* Beloved Memory, *whereby to evince the never-dying* Love *and* Eſteem *which I had and ever ſhall retain for Her. And therefore I have taken hold of this little occaſion alſo to embelliſh Her* Character (*in ſome degree*) *with theſe* Lines, *which the* Reſpect *of Friends would oblige me with. It is not my part to give any* Judgment

 upon

upon the Performance, but I leave that to the Ingenious *that ſhall read them, and are capable to judge. But I muſt make an* Apology *for the poor Latin* Elegy *added of my Own, which upon ſo fair an Opportunity I could not almoſt forbear compoſing* invitâ Minervâ, *and I was reſolved ſhould* crowd *in among the reſt. The ſame* Excuſe *which I plead in my* Epiſtle Dedicatory *for the mean* Lines *which I have annexed at the End of this* Treatiſe, *muſt go for* theſe. *But One Engliſh* Pindarick *Poem* On the Bleſſings of Adverſity, *I confeſs is of an unknown* Author, *which I meeting with by Accident, and being ſuitable to the* Subject, *and expreſſing the ſame Virtue and* Bleſſing *which this* dear Lady *made of* Adverſity, *I was willing to tranſcribe it into this place.*

This occaſion added to my Thoughts, *that I would likewiſe* grace *my Endea-*

vours

vours of reaching Her Character, *with prefixing Her* Effigies *before it, that ſo I might (as far as poſſible) deliver alſo the* Figure *and Sweet* Reſemblance *of Her* dear Perſon *to Poſterity. I have therefore cauſed it to be* Graved *by the moſt Ingenious Artiſt in* England *(and perhaps in* Europe *too) in that kind, as you may here ſee. It was taken off from the* Original *Piece, which I obtained out of* Italy *ſince Her* Deceaſe, *and was drawn in* Genoua *from the Life, by an Eminent Hand (as I am aſſured) of* Fame *and Reputation. But what the* One *and the* Other *wants of Her* Sweetneſs, *and the Perfection of the lovely* Air *of Her Countenance, in which Her inexpreſſible* Goodneſs *might be read, muſt be attributed to the Imperfection of* Art *below* Nature, *and the impoſſibility of any* Human *Endeavour to reach the* Impreſſions *of Heaven, which in the outward* Li-

 nea-

neaments *doth often picture the very* Image *of the Soul: And therefore it muſt be left to* Contemplation, *how much a* Living *Original outvies a* Dead *Copy, and the Hand of* Heaven *is ſuperior to the Pencil of an* Imitating *Mortal.*

This is what I had to advertiſe the Ingenious *and* Unprejudiced *Readers, and by ſuch I hope will be taken with equal* Candor. *As for others, as I hope they will never happen to be diſturbed* (*or rather* honoured) *with the* Juſt Character *and* Encomiums *of my* Moſt Excellent MARIA, *ſo be it as it will, I am too Proud to* deprecate *their Diſpleaſure; and as I know they cannot injure a* Bleſſed Saint *in Heaven, ſo let their own* Envy *and* Ill Nature *be their Reward and Puniſhment.*

Edward Dering.

In Effigiem Excellentiſſimæ MARIÆ *elegantèr depictam, nec non dotes animi longè Pulcherrimas, Quæ à D.* Edoardo Dering *Equite Aurato patheticè Celebrantur.*

ECCE MARIA ſuæ ſplendens in imagine formæ!
Talis erat, tabula eſt divini corporis index;
Frontis Honos! caſtâ rutilabant lumina flammâ!
Vix decus Humanum: O qualis ſtat Gratia Vultûs!
Atque Modeſtus amor! veluti violaverit Oſtro
Siquis Ebur, vel miſta nitent ubi Lilia rubris
Alba roſis, tales blando dabat Ore colores.
Parva quidèm ſed Pulchra tamèn, tenuemque, venuſtas,
Corporis exigui formam, ſpecioſa rependit;
Pulchrior in parvo radiabat corpore Virtus
Omnia dùm fecit miro dixitque lepore,
In geſtuque decor, vultuque et voce reſulſit.
Talis erat forma & facies: Divinior autem
Flamma regit Mentem, pronâ pietate colebat

Ipſa Deum, inque Omnes animi fuit uſque be-
(nigni,
Nam generoſam auxit manſueta Modeſtia men-
(tem.
Nec pia cujuſquam, quibus eſt affecta, ſinebat
Ex animo Benefacta ſuo vaneſcere, Grata
Pro parvis Virtus, meruit Majora viciſſim.
Conjugium pactamque fidem incorrupta colebat,
Raro adeò & grandi, nulli conceſſit amore,
Quod vovit ſemper velle, & ſuperare valere
Quicquid & Hiſtoria extollit vel fabula finxit,
Præſtitit Exemplum formoſi Gloria Sexûs.
Præterea hæc aliis fuerat ſuperaddita Virtus,
Orphæam ut poterat citharam ſuperare canendo,
Angelicique chori fudit præludia voce,
Omniaque æthereo traxit modulamine corda.
Talis eras, O quot Veneres, quot (Diva)
(lepores
In vultu nituere tuo? totum undique corpus
Quantus adornavit, quantus decor undique
(cinxit?
Dotibus aſt *Animi* quantis illuſtrior alma?
Illa nec adverſis fortunæ victa procellis,
Non elata bonis, ſorti confiſa ſerenæ,
Sed ſolo ſubnixa Deo qui cuncta gubernat
Non rebus dejecta malis, nec freta ſecundis,
Duxit cæleſtem terreno in corpore vitam.
Comis & ingenio, placidoque affabilis Ore
Eminuit, charis dulcem ſe geſſit amicis,
Inque alios veniæ facilem, miſeriſque benignam,
Jucundam

Jucundam gratamque bonis. Dolet obrutus (*Orbis*
Luctu, fœminei cecidit cùm Gloria Sexûs:
Sancta MARIA tamen vivit poſt funera, vitam
Fama dat æternam in terris poſt fata morantem.
Accipe *Diva*, fave libamina pauca ferenti
Delubro non digna tuo, Celebramus ineptè
Laudes quas volumus imitarier atque docere;
Sat foret ut vellent aliæ eſſe quod ipſa fuiſti,
Abreptam & quam non poſſunt attingere, an- (helent,
Inferiore loco quævis ſeſſura Miniſtra.
Nam Tibi Virtutes, nec non Sors dura dedere
Præmia in Excelſis, atque aulæ culmine Cœli,
Interiora Dei & penetrare Palatia Magni.
Aſcenſus talis paucis, ſed & eſſe beatis
Conceſſum eſt aliis, qui æternâ pace fruuntur,
Sedibus atque ſuis, effundunt Gaudia læti.
Aſt Tu, nobiliore loco ſuper aurea Cœli
Aſtra manes, *Sponſique* piè quem viva colebas,
Chara ſinu ſuſcepta ſedes, cumulataque cunctis
Æternùm ſine fine bonis, per Secla triumphas,
Nocte dieque Tuo cantans *Haleluia* Regi.

G. H.

In

In Eandem : Carmine Sapphico.

CErne Picturam nitidam, MARIÆ
Indicem veram, melius nec ipſe
Pingeret, rupto modò ſi ſepulchro
Surgat Apelles.
Vultus eſt dulcis, Charitumque plenus,
Angelos cœli referens beatos,
Inque vivaci radians modeſto
Gratia fulget.
Inſident fronti Veneres, capilli
Dulce nigrantes capitis decorem
Ampliant, pulchram faciem colorat
Vividus ardor.
Parva, ſed pulchrâ fuerat figurâ,
Inque formoſis bonitas Ocellis
Fulſit, in geſtu ſimul & decoræ
Voce loquelæ.
Vox at in cantus ubi ſe reſolvit,
Vicit Orphæam citharam canendo,
More divorum reſonans Hoſannas
Omnipotenti.
Mentis at dotes Animique formam,
Quis poteſt dignis celebrare verbis ?
Vixit inſigni pietate noſtri
Gloria Sæcli.

Vixit

Vixit in cunctos animo benigno,
Præſtiti gratâ meminit favoris
Mente, ſervavit veneranda ſacræ
Fædera tædæ,
Vix ſui æqualem reperire Sexûs
Huic erat promptum, ſtudio fideque
Conjugî purum coluit pio quæ
Pectore Votum.
Rebus in cunctis, ubi fæminini
Ingenî fulget vigor, eminebat ;
Sorte nec blandâ tumuit, nec unquàm
Fracta ſiniſtrâ.
Invidis ſeſe facilem gerebat,
Omnibus lenem placidamque, voces
Oris ornavit gravitate ſuavi
Blanda venuſtas.
Nunc at æterno in Solio refulgens
Miſta Sacratis reſonat Choræis
Voce divinâ, exhilaratque cœli
Cantibus Aulam.
Orbis amiſſæ meritò dolorem
Sentit, at omnis penitùs doloris
Ipſa nunc expers, viget O MARIA! &
Læta triumphat.

G. H.

A Pin-

A Pindarick Ode, On the Memory of the Most Excellent MARIA: *Whose Incomparable Virtues are no less truly than pathetically Celebrated by Sir* Edward Dering, *Knight.*

I.

COme pensive ELEGY,
Let All the Tuneful Nine
Mute Mourners stand about MARIA's *Shrine,*
In awful Silence list'ning All to Thee;
We crave no Aid but Thine.
Without the gawdy-colour'd Dress
Of Fancy or of Art,
Sufficient are thy Black and White,
Sufficient to express
What Truth and Grief impart.
To do Her Merit and Our Sorrow Right,
Beyond the Pow'r of Eloquence
Thy White and Black expressive Emblems are;
The White, of Her fair Innocence,
Thy Black, the Type of Our Despair.

II. *Come*

II.

Come ELEGY, *and, for a while,*
The Bleſt MARIA's *Hearſe*
Of Tributary Tears beguile:
'Tis Pious to defraud Her Urn,
The Debt with Int'reſt to return
In Tributary Verſe.
Verſe as well as Tears we Owe,
And Verſe that ſhall as freely Flow.
Begin the Fun'ral Song —— But ſee
Thy doleful Song Harmonious be;
Harmonious as MARIA's *Voice,*
That made the Gloomy Groves rejoice;
Made Care and Grief their Sighs ſuſpend,
And to Her Melody attend.
Condoling but Delightful be thy Strain;
Diſtreſs'd and Piercing every Groan,
Yet charming Sad, as Nightingals complain,
And ſweetly Mournful, as the Turtles moan.

III.

MARIA's *Portraict now diſplay,*
And thus repair, tho but in part, the Loſs
Of what remorſleſs Fates have ſnatcht away;
Nor let the Ravagers ſo rich a Prize engroſs.
Of ſo much Excellence bereft,
This only Means is left

To

To make Reprizals on the Grave;
Nor is the Labour vain,
Since 'tis ineſtimable Gain,
Whatever we from that dear Wreck can ſave!
Since Deſtiny no more will give,
Let the Fair Saint's Remembrance live,
And Deathleſs Character remain.
Thus have I ſeen, carv'd by ſome Skilful Hand,
A Life-reſembling Statue ſtand,
And o're the ſilent Tomb
Such Breathing Majeſty aſſume,
As ſeem'd, in Artificial State,
To trample upon Death, and triumph over Fate.

IV.

Her Aſpect firſt preſents to ſight,
Which, tho all freſh and fair as new-born Light,
Such lovely Sable Treſſes did adorn,
She ſeem'd at once the Queen of Night,
And Goddeſs of the Morn.
In all the finiſh'd Fabrick of Her Face
Was nothing to be chang'd,
And nothing out of Place:
There Charms innumerable lay,
But in ſuch lively Order rang'd,
A Proſpect ſo delightful they did yield,
As ſeem'd the Liſted Field
Of Beauty's Forces, met in bright Array:

The lively Glories of her Eye
Temper'd with awful Modeſty,
Shew'd pleaſing Air, adorn'd with heavenly Grace.

V.

Her Figure, caſt in Nature's fineſt Mold,
Tho ſmall, ſuch Symmetry did hold,
As of the Graces we are told;
Where nice Proportions ſo combin'd,
So Regular and ſo Refin'd,
As if for Beauty's Miniature *deſign'd.*
Yet ſo much Spirit in Her Mien,
Such Prudence and Decorum ſeen,
Deportment and Demeanor ſo compleat,
Did ſuch commanding Sweetneſs wear,
So much of Dignity did bear,
As made Her Preſence and Appearance Great;
And with Agreeable Delight
In All She choſe to Do or Say,
All Elegantly Bright,
And Innocently Gay.

VI.

Deſiſt Aſpiring ELEGY,
This Theme's too dazling Bright for Thee!
Thy Colours are too faint
Such radiant Charms to paint:

Wou'dſt

Wou'dſt Thou MARIA *to the Life diſplay,*
Go catch the Lightning's nimble Ray;
The Di'mond's ſparkling Light;
The Glimpſe of twinkling Stars by Night,
Cynthia's *and* Aurora's *Beams,*
Reflected by the Cryſtal Streams:
Unite theſe Glories, or deſpair
To Repreſent MARIA's *Form and Air.*
To Copy Her's, if Copy'd they can be,
Through Nature's ſhining Wonders Thou muſt run;
And when all this is done,
Confeſs thy Task is but Begun!
For ah! what Emblems ſhall we find,
T' Emblazon Her Illuſtrious Mind?
That Sphere of nobler Lights, and brighter Galaxy.

VII.

But yet, Of Theſe if you'd attempt to ſing,
Commence with that which is the foremoſt Ring
In Virtue's Golden Chain:
Commence with PIETY, the Source and Spring
That does her various Streams maintain.
Begin with what MARIA *firſt Admir'd,*
The Earlieſt Darling of Her Breaſt,
And never-Abſent Gueſt,
Till Life it ſelf expir'd.
None more Devout than She,
Yet from Moroſeneſs free:

For, as by Nature heav'nly mild,
Devotion, in Her Face,
With sweet Seraphick Grace,
To Chearfulness was reconcil'd.
Strict in Religion, yet she still took care
To give Religion an inviting Air:
Nor thought it Gen'rous others to affright
With that which was Her own Delight!
O what Celestial Ray
Could such a Zeal dispense,
So flamingly Intense,
Without the least Decay!

VIII.

Large and Extensive was Her Mind,
And justly so design'd,
A Mansion fit for CHARITY so great,
(As in a less capacious Seat
Must there have dwelt confin'd
So genuine and bright
In Her this Virtue shone,
That like the Sun and Light,
Her Soul and Charity were One.
Like Him, with constant Influence,
She did Her bounteous Beams dispense;
Like Him rejoicing to dispell
The Shades of Grief, and cheer the gloomy Cell!
If Charity 'tis deem'd,
(And justly so esteem'd)

Imploring Mis'ry to redreſs;
O what was Hers, that ſought Diſtreſs!
Relieving thoſe that could not crave;
—And the Ungrateful She forgave;
—Thoſe to Her Pow'r perceiv'd Her kind Supplies;
—And, as inſtructed from above,
—In Works of Mercy and of Love,
—Rewarded Friends, and pardon'd Enemies.

IX.

And yet how ſmall Account She made
Of Benefits She did diſpenſe!
She thought them all but Duty paid;
Forgot the Largeſt which She did confer;
But of the Leaſt perform'd to Her,
How laſting, great, and grateful was Her Senſe!
How patiently in all Affairs,
(Tho rough and boiſt'rous were the Seas)
She ſtemm'd the Tide of Worldly Cares,
And gave the moſt perplex'd an Air of Eaſe!
If fair or foul the Skies appear'd,
By humble Counſels ſtill ſhe ſteer'd:
Contentment in calm Seaſons took,
And even then did for a Tempeſt look.
Thus, unſurpriz'd by Fraud or Force,
Her Virtue held its chearful Courſe;
By flatt'ring Breezes ne're betray'd,
Nor in the fierceſt Storms diſmay'd.

X.

To give the Comprehenſive Sphere
Of Female Worth proportion'd Light,
What Conſtellations muſt unite?
So dazling All, and ſpotleſs clear,
That few have had the Pow'r and Skill,
That ſpacious Orb with juſt Renown to fill.
Yet ſuch MARIA's *Native Prudence ſhone,*
Happy when e're Her Conduct was Her own.
But ſtill too low and too confin'd
This Virtue ſeem'd for Her Celeſtial Mind:
With Senſe of Nobler Glory fir'd,
Her Soul the loftier Heights aſpir'd,
Of moſt refin'd Philoſophy,
And Precepts of Divinity,
That made the Sages of Old Times admir'd.
Oh daring, yet ſucceſsful Thought,
That into Practice and Example brought
Sublimer Virtues than thoſe Maſters taught!
But moſt for Conjugal Renown,
In this or any former Age,
From Her whole Sex to gain the Crown,
Couragiouſly She did engage:
From All in Honour's Liſt enroll'd,
Or by Romantick Fiction told:
With tender Love's inſpiring Ardor warm'd,
What She profeſs'd, Her Piety perform'd.

 XI. *Through*

XI.

Through all the Scenes of Fortune try'd,
On Life's uncertain Stage,
What Conflicts did She not engage?
But ſtill with Conqueſt on Her ſide,
Still like Her Self, in ev'ry State,
Of ſteady Temper and ſedate,
Through ev'ry winding Maze of Fate,
When Proſp'rous, Humble, Affable, and Kind;
In Adverſe Days, Contented and Reſign'd;
With Heav'nly Chearfulneſs could then beguile
Severeſt Griefs, and make Affliction ſmile.
To crown a Life like This, remain'd no more,
But with Applauſe and Honour to Retire,
And like a Saint Expire,
As She had liv'd before.
With ſuch Heroic Piety
Did She perform this Part,
Such fervent Zeal and Conſtancy,
As triumph'd o're Mortality,
And made the King of Terrors ſtart.
Thus did MARIA *Her paſt Life employ,*
Meek, Charitable, Juſt,
And now with ſuch Religious Truſt,
Such Ardor and Celeſtial Joy,
The Saint at laſt reſign'd Her Breath;
As e're Her Relicks reach'd the Grave,
Of Paradiſe a Proſpect gave,
And made it rather Extaſy than Death.

XII. *Now,*

XII.

Now, ELEGY, in Peace return,
To weep at Thy MARIA's *Urn,*
A ſpeechleſs Mourner's Office there reſume;
This Tribute to Her Shrine Addreſt,
Mute as That for ever reſt;
For ever Silent as MARIA's *Tomb!*
Yet ſtay —— For lo! One Mournful Object more
Thy pious Pity does implore!
Nor canſt Thou paſs ſuch Sorrow by
(Tho ſad and diſmal to rehearſe)
Without the common Charity
Of one Conſolatory Verſe!
See where, beneath the Cypreſs Shade,
How black Deſpair's Abode appears:
Forlorn, Afflicted, Her Deringo's *laid,*
Who was Her All that's in Relation dear,
Her Husband, Father, and Her Comforter,
In Sorrow drencht, and waſting Tears.
Go gently rear His drooping Head,
Tell him his Dear MARIA's *not Expir'd,*
But to Her Native Skies Retir'd;
Tranſlated, and not Dead.
That yet a while, and He ſhall go
To the bleſt Regions where She triumphs now:
There great unutterable things ſhall ſee,
And Love, and Sing almoſt as well as She.

Tell him Her bright Example *lives,*
And to Her Sex a Patern gives,
How next Her Self, on Earth, they may excell;
And when deceas'd, next Her in higheſt Glory dwell.

N. Tate, *Poet-Laureat to His Majeſty.*

In Imaginem depictam Excellentiſſimæ MARIÆ; *cujus Laudes à D.* Edoardo Dering *Equite Aurato, Sanguinis Nobilitate & Literis æquè Inſigni, meritò celebrantur.*

O Qualis divina animum delectat *Imago*
Artificis depicta manu? Ecce figura *Mariam*
Exhibet illuſtrem: Tales pulchro Ore decores,
Talis forma fuit, ſic frons jucunda ſuperbit,
Sic Oculus caſto fulgebat blandus amore.
Gratia talis erat peramando corpore, totum
Æthereum fuerat, totum mirabile fulſit.
Non humana quidem videatur *Imago*, ſed alti
Progenies cœli verax, & ab æthere lapſa.
Pulchra *Figura* tamen ſi ſit digniſſima viſu
Vivida præclarum, quid non præſtaret *Origo?*
Si decus externo tantum ſplendeſceret Ore,
Quod nitet interius cultu divinius omni.
Nulla tabella dabit, nec demonſtrabitur arte.

Cor-

Corpore pulchra quidem, sed Mens celebranda
Egregiâ longè facie fit pulchrior omni ; (*Mariæ*
Sublimes animi dotes non nobile Carmen
Verè est dicturum, quamvis præstantius arte
Pingendi est, & *Apellem* certè vincit *Apollo.*
Illa etenim didicit miseris succurrere promptè
Haud ignara mali, multos & passa labores
Adversæ Sortis, nec non discrimina rerum,
Omne malum Fati vicit *Maria* ferendo ;
Prospera Te mitem, cernunt adversa potentem,
Fortunæ vicibus mansueta, immota manebas,
Fluctibus & mediis ceu Rupes firma triumphans.
Factis & dictis, sparsos per multa lepores
Ingenii ostendit, captans dulcedine mentes,
Ergà Omnes suavis pietas & gratia fulsit.
Conjugialis amor verò, Memorabile præstat
Quod vel prisca tenet, renovata aut fabula, (Nomen ;
Vota, fidemque daram casto firmavit amore,
Qualem non aurum redeant frin, Sæcula, priscum
Præberent, jucunda & fecit fœdera vitæ :
Gentis fœmineæ decus omne & Gloria, Sexûs
Ipsa sui *Princeps*, charo hoc superavit honore.
Saxa movere Sono Cytharæ Rhodopeius *Or-* (*pheus*
Dicitur, & facti sunt (vate canente) Leones
Indomiti Mites : Major vis clara *Mariæ*
Dum cantat, Natura silentia maxima servat,
Non genus humanum solùm modulamina vocis
Miratur, Chorus ipse alto descendit Olympo

Angelicus, capiturque modis quos fundit ab
(Ore.
Mens tibi pura fuit Cœlo donata benigno,
Corde Deum coluit ſemper Cæleſtia ſpirans,
Angelicam ut vitam vel ſic tranſegit in Orbe;
Nempè hic Sanctum imitata Chorum cantando
(& amando,
Laudibus & precibus prægustans gaudia Cœli,
Non mirum eſt *Maria* pias aſcenderet arces,
Cognata eſt Cœlo, Patriamque reverſa trium-
(phat.
Carcere corporeo cèu dedignata teneri
Mens adèo inſignis, nodos & vincula rumpit;
Purior Angelicis anima hæc benedicta Miniſtris,
Ingreditur notum ſublimis limen Olympi,
Sanctorum plaudente, ſimul comitante catervâ.
Virtutem tantam celebrare eſt neſcius Orbis,
Non niſi fælices Stultè mirantur, adorant;
Collapſos autem contemnunt fronte ſuperbâ,
Nec gemmam, fortunæ occultam crimine, cer-
Unicus amiſſam novit lugere *Mariam*, (nunt.
Et tali damno dignos effundere queſtus,
Dum ſolus dotes animi ſpectabat amandas
Virtutem agnovit Fati & caligine ductam;
Flet noctem, lectoque jacens plorabile damnum
Enarrat, totamque domum ſingultibus implet;
Heu! quid Solamen reſtat? tranſibit ad illam,
Ut juncti æternùm Sacro lætentur amore.

F. H.

A Fin.

A Pindarick Ode, On the Effigies of the Most Excellent MARIA, *and Her most Worthy Character, justly Celebrated by Sir* Edward Dering, *Knight.*

I.

SUch Clelia's *was, drawn by fam'd* Titian's *hand,*
Such was each Feature, and each wondrous Grace
Of Her admired Face.
So shin'd Her Eyes, in which appear
A charming Brightness, and most modest Air,
That seems an awful Distance to command:
Her Lips, Her Mouth, and every Part
Proclaim the Wonders of the Art:
But where shall we a Titian *find,*
Can paint the Glories of Her Mind?
For while with a Seraphick Heat we burn,
Our Praises we to Adoration turn.
She might alone enoble Her Descent,
With Virtue's Blazon, not of Arms,
And with the Mind's more glorious Charms:
Born of Good Parents, not of Great,
Her Birth a Noble Soul did meet,
Enough to raise or to restore Embellishment.

But

—But yet of Ancient and of Saxon *Blood,*
—She the Maria *Great,* Maria *Good,*
—(Nobler in Heaven's Roll,
—Than canting Herald's *Scroll:)*
—And if by Juſt Men truly underſtood,
—She was Her Name's great Glory, and the Ornament.

II.

Deſcend Urania *from thy high Retreat,*
A Theme Divine
(Thou only holy of the Nine)
Invites thee from thy ſacred Seat;
Aſſiſt to magnify Maria's *Fame,*
That now (if poſſible) immortal Name,
A Name which Mortals do to Heav'n reſound,
And ready Angels that bleſt Name rebound.
To draw a Fame ſo circularly true,
Is hard, where no Beginning is, or End;
Where juſt Proportion is in all the View;
Where all the Parts ſo equal are, and tend
To one entire, one regular Deſign,
All of a perfect Piece, and all Divine.
Maria *could no Admiration want,*
From Her firſt opening Bloſſom ſweet,
To Her moſt happy laſt Retreat,
One Perfect Goodneſs, One Eternal Saint.

III.

If charming Beauty, graceful Wit,
With sweetest Modesty conjoin'd,
Could grateful Entertainment find,
Among the Fairer Sex, 'twas all in Her confin'd.
The Vestal *s Duties were Poetick Flight;*
Each Roman *Dame,*
Whose Deeds were registred by Fame,
Were but faint Copies of Her Nobler Soul;
Each pious Name,
Which were approv'd by every Tongue,
And are the Subject of each holy Song,
Her more refulgent Merit can controul.
The Theban *Founder, great* Amphion *cou d*
Lead where he pleas'd, the moving Wood;
Tygers forgetful of their Prey,
Would his commanding Harp obey;
But our Maria *could impart*
A greater Power, a more prevailing Art;
All Nature's hush't, and listens to Her Song,
Even Heav'n is empty when She tun'd Her Lyre:
Behold! how the Angelick Quire,
Descending from their Region, throng
To hear the Musick of Her Tongue.

IV. *But*

IV.

But Oh! Her wondrous Marriage Love!
—So like to Heav'n above,
All Praise, all Admiration did transcend:
—She made it what it truly ought to be,
—Friendship Supreme, and Love in Extasy.
—She bless'd that Lottery State,
—(That Heaven or Hell,
—Which none but those that feel can tell)
—With such a Union of the Souls,
—As Fortune's Rage, and Death it self controuls,
—And Thousands do not, cannot penetrate:
Her dearest Vows and Faith no words can compre-
(hend;
—In this She did all Womankind outdo,
—Her Sexes Envy, and their Glory too.

V.

—One Will and One Desire
—Their Minds and Hearts did fire:
—In this alone they seem'd to sever,
—They would, but could not dye together:
—Yet Death is baffled too, they'll live for ever,
—And Death it self survive, and be
—Ne're parted more to all Eternity:
—So prove, of all the Glories here we see,
—Love only can and will Eternal be.

Armida,

Armida, *whom the* Latian *Muſe*
With elevated Fancy did record,
Extoll'd her Faith to her Imperial Lord;
How bravely ſhe forſook her Native Shore,
And underwent the Toils of horrid War:
Had the inſpired Bard MARIA *known,*
Had Her Superior Love been ſhewn,
He would his former Theme refuſe:
Unſung had been the Fair Armida's *Praiſe,*
And our MARIA *had employ'd great* Taſſo's *Lays.*

VI.

When Waves of adverſe Fate did Her ſurround,
No Harbour near,
No Pilot to direct or ſteer
Her ſhipwrackt Veſſel to the diſtant Strand,
MARIA *ſtill the ſame* MARIA's *found:*
No bluſtring Winds could ſhock
The ſtill triumphant Rock:
Her Anchor was in Heaven laid;
She ſtill believ'd, and ſtill ſhe pray'd:
She knew that Providential Care,
Sooner or later would Her free
From all the Storms of that tempeſtuous Sea,
And ſafely bring Her to the wiſh'd-for Land.
So when Her kinder Fortune gave
Bleſſings with a Liberal Hand,
And flowing Riches were at Her Command;

She'd

She'd imitate the Giver, and diſpenſe
—With generous Beams Her Saving Influence.

VII.

But Charity! thou Heav'n born Virtue! where
Couldſt thou an Habitation find
So pure as in MARIA's *Mind?*
That Grace above all good She did prefer,
Being Heav'n's beauteous Almoner:
She ſought occaſions to beſtow Her Bread,
And thoſe that hungred, to Her Power She fed.
—In Proſp rous Times Her Bounty flowed bright,
—And in Adverſity She gave Her Mite;
—Apoſtate Friends, and Treacherous Foes,
—She did forgive almoſt t' a Fault;
—Their falſe Devoir Her Wiſdom taught,
—And Goodneſs pardon'd even thoſe.
—But where She heard oppreſſed and afflicted Man,
—Did for their God
—Endure the Rod
—And cruel Perſecution bear,
—Seal their Religion with their Blood,
—And under Tyrants dare be Good;
—With ſuch men's Miſeries
—Her pious Soul did ſympathize,
—And tender Heart would drop a Tear,
—She was the Good, the very true Samaritan.

VIII. *When*

VIII.

When Her Grandezza did in Glory ſhine,
How lovely, and how lowly Great?
How humble, and as Angels ſweet?
But under Clouds, a Princeſs in her Mind:
She kept her inward State,
By Faith controul'd Her Fate,
The greateſt Prince might ſay, Let her be Mine,
In Fortunes Smiles and Frowns, that's ſo Divine:
Her moſt heroick Virtues here were ſhewn,
As greater 'tis to loſe than wear a Crown.
And thus her Graces try'd, the Gold refin'd,
And nothing here below
Sufficient to beſtow,
This Dirt and Droſs too mean to be aſſign'd;
The great Rewarder took delight
To ſee the vigorous Fight;
Gave her the Victory,
By Rays of his Divinity;
Rewarded Love
With that above,
And Crown'd them all with Immortality.

IX.

Too ſhort's the date of all Exalted Worth,
It blazons forth,
And for a time does give a glorious Ray,

A pure

A pure and an aſpiring Light,
White and ſerene as is the Milky Way;
Till rigid Fate's ſevere Decree,
Inexorable Deſtiny,
Extinguiſhes the Radiant Flame,
And covers it with Night.
Such was MARIA's *Fame,*
She like a Lamp was fix'd on high,
To beautify this lower Sky,
Shew her own erring Sex the Path to Bliſs,
Illuminate the Road that leads to Paradiſe.
The Lamp's blown out, the Light is gone,
Before the Oyl is ſpent, alas! too ſoon,
To th' Empyræum *whence 'twas taken, flown;*
Plac'd in a Region higher,
It gives a purer, brighter Fire:
Now the ſad reſt of Womankind
Wander in a dark diſmal Gloom,
Where no bright Streak of Light can come.
Since they on Albion's *Flowry Green*
Can't ſhining thoſe Two Luminaries find,
This ſweet Maria, *and the Bleſt* MARIA *Queen.*

X.

The ſtupid World can never truly mourn,
They never knew her Excellence and Worth:
One only He *can rightly ſet it forth:*
All Night He grieves, the coming Day appears,
Which ſtill augments his Groans, and Sighs, and Tears.

Where

—Where ſhall His troubled Soul find Reſt?
—Never, O never, till together Bleſt:
Alas! She can't, She would not now return.
—The glorious Ray broke through th' Eclipſing Cloud;
—That Pillar of conducting Fire
—Made Her Virtues ſoar the Higher;
—The Jewels of Her Mind by Him were underſtood,
—The Orient Pearl in dark did ſhine,
—Though trampled on by Swine,
—And in Affliction's Night
—Appear'd more bright:
—His Soul aſpires to reach Her bleſt Abode.
Degenerate World! where Pride and Vice abound,
How could you think a Soul ſo good, ſo pure,
Would long among ſo vile a Race endure?
Where nothing's Virtuous, nothing Conſtant found,
But a perpetual Vicious Round:
Now She in happier Manſions mounted reigns,
Free from the Noiſe of Mortal Life:
No Cares perplex Her, no vexatious Strife,
She feels no Sickneſs now, no lingring Pains,
—No want of Friends, nor of the Miſer's Gains:
There with bleſt Angels doth Divine Maria *raiſe*
The glorious Bridegrooms, and Her great Creator's
(Praiſe.

F. H.

Elegia πολυτελὴς *in Obitum Excellentiſſimæ Meæ* MARIÆ.

QUid referam vultûs formam? quid lumina caſta?
Quid lepidas voces? ingeniique decus?
Dotibus Illa animi quantum divinior amplis?
Quæ regio Sexûs prætulit ulla parem?
Fixa Deo pietas, & non imitabilis ardor
Conjugii Sacri: Vota fidemque colens.
Fortis in adverſis, & non elata Secundis,
Utrâque, emicuit Mens generoſa, vice.
Reſpexit minimos quàm gratâ mente favores?
Læta recognoſcens, parcere prona fuit;
Hoc erat in votis, cœleſti nobile mente,
Poſſe juvare bonos, lædere nolle malos.
O charè dilecta Deo, numeranda Beatis,
Victrici palmam jàm dedit ipſe Deus.
Quo Te cunque rapit Mors atrox, ibimus ambo,
Non poterit Virtus tanta perire Tua.
Illuc aſpiro, O detur mihi Gloria Tecum
Quantulacunque, parem nemo referre poteſt.
Te ſequor O Mea chara *Maria*, morare ſequentem,
Nam non, diviſos, gaudia plena manent.

Fœlix,

Fœlix, ſi poterim Sedes attingere ſacras,
Subque pedes læter, diva *Maria*, tuos.
Quid proſunt Lachrymæ, vel flebilis ardor amo-
(ris ?
Memet redde Meæ, Mors mihi grata veni:
Unus erit nobis tumulus, requieſcimus unà,
Nec Tibi qui moritur deſinit eſſe Tuus;
Unà ſurgemus, dulce & regnabimus unà,
Hoc nobis *Sponſi* Gratia ſola dabit.
Vivimus intrepidi, Mortemque ulſciſcimur ipſam
Victores, En Mors luditur! ipſa jacet:
Terrorum regem nunc & terrore carentem
Deſpicimus, Victor vincitur arte ſuâ.
Jàm váleat Mundus, vale & omnis falſus amicus,
Et fidi veniant, Angelicique chori:
Ecce Triumphus adeſt, nunc nil niſi Gloria
(reſtat,
Laudibus æternis & celebrare Deum;
Æternùm juncti vivemus, amabimus, aula
Dùm reſonat Cœli cantibus æthereis.

Tuus interea ἀπαράλλακτος,

Edoardus Dering, Eq. Aur.

On the Bleſſings of ADVERSITY.
By an Unknown Author.

I.

THE Juſt and Brave unmov'd appear,
In Storms where Meaner Souls do ſhrink,
And ev'n beneath themſelves do ſink,
Unable Miſeries leaſt Weight to bear:
Or if with Wealth and Honour crown'd,
No room within their narrow Heart is found
To entertain the bluſtring Gueſt,
But ſwelling with the Bubble, ſtrait they burſt;
In Adverſe or in Proſp'rous Fate alike are curſt.
When the Great Soul does ſcarce admit
The Fawning Paraſite;
Or if he does, 'tis lock'd within his Breaſt,
Nor ſuffers him to play his Part
Within the Cabinet of his Heart,
But ſlighted in the Anti-chamber lets him ſit:
An Equal Mind in different Fate he bears,
The one he neither Courts, nor t'other fears;
Nor is with this puff'd up, nor that depreſs'd,
But in himſelf alone is ever bleſs'd.

II. *Am-*

II.

Ambition, Anger, Avarice, and Luſt,
With other Paſſions of the Mind,
The Gen'rous Soul in Reaſon's Chain does bind,
And as his Captives at his feet does thruſt;
Tho fierce and great to Slavery does bring,
Here Nero's *Tyrant lies, and* Alexander's *King,*
When the Baſe Wretch is his Slave's Slave,
Which like a conqu'ring Prince does brave
The Reaſon Heaven to defend him gave;
Its Throne uſurps, and does affect to Reign
Lord of the ſtrongeſt Caſtles, both the Heart and Brain.
And now grows Inſolent and Lewd,
Revels, and mingles with the pureſt of his Blood;
Does his beſt Faculties controul,
And wou'd debauch his chaſter Soul;
At leaſt miſleads it for a ſpace,
Then leaves it naked to Diſgrace.
The Man who thus is by his Paſſions ſway'd,
O're Beaſts ſhould wiſh to Rule, never to be Obey'd.

III.

Bleſs'd is the Man whom Heaven doth not try
With gilded Apples of Proſperity,
Sweet to the Taſte, and Beauteous to the Eye;
But rotten at the Coar, *and Poyſon to the Heart.*

But

But thrice Bleſs'd he who can reject
The proffer'd Pleaſure of the Bait;
Who ſees the future dire Effect,
If overcome by the Deceit;
Loſing the Pleaſure he avoids the deadly Smart.
But thrice and four times Bleſs'd is He
Whom Heaven tries with Miſery,
And hardly cloaths with Rags of Poverty:
Who ſilently does bear his Fate,
And is contented in his loweſt State:
Inur'd to Grief, and ſad Miſchance,
Surely, tho ſlow, toward Heaven he does advance;
Treading on Thorns the way to Bliſs,
Adverſity the greateſt Bleſſing is:
And nothing than Proſperity is worſe,
Proſperity ill-us'd, the greateſt Curſe.

IV.

Job's *Tempter ſure miſtook the way*
Job's *Virtue to betray;*
Or rather, the All-merciful deny'd
That his beloved Servant ſhould be try'd,
By heaping Riches, ſo to teach him Pride.
Hardned in Grief and Plagues his Virtue grew,
Steel'd it became, Temptation-proof it was;
The deadlieſt Darts which on him Satan threw,
His Body pierc'd, but could no further paſs:
His Patience to his Tempter gave more Pain
Than all Job *did or could ſuſtain,*
And he was Plagu'd, and he was Shot in vain.

When

When lo! Th' Almighty from above,
With Eyes with Pity flowing, and with Love,
Beheld the afflicted Man, as Weak he lay,
Buried in Aſhes on the Ground,
Vouchſaf'd to parley with this Thing of Clay;
Taught him to know himſelf, and made him Sound:
And for the Miſeries which he had ſhar'd,
Gave him a Seven fold Reward.
Teach me then, Heaven, to withſtand
The heavieſt Stroke of Sorrow's Hand,
That to my ſelf brought home, I may
The Obedience which I owe thee, ever pay.

Epitaphium, ſeu potiùs Epinicion inſcribendum Marmori, in Obitum Excellentiſſimæ Mariæ.

SIſte gradum Viator,
Quiſquis has Sacras intrabis Ædes,
Et venerabundi lege mente,
Lachrymis irrorans Lapidem.
Neſcis quid pretii intùs hic jacet,
Gemma toto pretioſior Orbe,
Imò cujus Mundus non dignus fuit.
Scilicet hoc in Templo Dei
Templum Olim Spiritûs Sancti conditur,
Dùm in pulchrâ ſed fragili carne habitare
Dignatus eſt.
Maria, O Maria *jacet hîc,*
Omnium Optima, Excellentiſſima,

A Sex-

A Sexdecim & amplius jàm retro Sæculis
Mariæ *Nulli Secunda,*
Beatiſſimæ certè Proxima.
Optima Filia, Soror, Conjux, & Mater,
(Si per vivaces licuiſſet Liberos.)
Sacrata terra, accipe, Conde dilectos Cineres,
Charum tene Depoſitum,
Cuſtodi, ama ;
Veniet Sponſus,
Veniet dies Optabilis & gratiſſimus,
Quo repoſcetur,
Quo creditum amabile corpus
Etiam Tu non ſine exultatione reddes,
Et Satum in Pulvere
Reſurget in Gloriâ.
Tunc Morte & Sepulchro triumphatis,
Illa olim tàm pulchra, tàm venuſta,
Jàm magis Glorioſa, & immortalitate amicta,
Cum Angelis & Sanctis
Regnabit in æternum,
In æternum amabit,
Dulce & perenne cantans
Halleluia, Halleluia.

Inſcripſit mærore oppreſſus, & adhuc defunctam
Suam *Mariam* religiosè colens & amans,

D. *EDOARDUS DERING,*
Eques Auratus.

The Same Paraphras'd into Engliſh.

An *Epitaph*; Or *rather*, A Song of *Victory*, to be *Graven* on a *Marble*, Upon the *Death* of the *Moſt Excellent* MARIA.

I.

WHoe're this Sacred Houſe comes near,
Here ſtop thy Foot, O Traveller!
And having with thy Tears bedew'd this Stone,
Prepar'd with Reverend Mind,
Read here, and thou wilt find
What's worth thy Stay, and challenge's thy Moan.
The Treaſure that within this Vault doth lye,
A Jewel once ſo bright,
A Spark of Heaven's Light,
Did all the Treaſures of the World ſurpaſs,
Of whom the World not Worthy was;
Here's the Rich Spoils of all Mortality.
In this New Temple to God's Service made,
A Temple, once of th' Holy Spirit, is laid;
A Glorious Manſion, though of Clay,

Adorn'd with Virtue's Furniture,
And look'd as if it would endure,
Whilſt in that Beauteous, (ah!) too fading Form,
(Devout in Sun-ſhine and in Storm)
The Bleſſed Spirit vouchſaf'd to ſtay.

II.

But now that Spark of Heav'nly Fire is fled,
To the Skies retir'd,
Whence 'twas inſpir'd,
Maria! *Oh the Sweet* Maria's *Dead!*
Now let thy Tears flow from the Fountain Head.
Lo, Here She lies,
Perform Her Obſequies,
Lament Maria *dear, the Beſt, the Excellent-*
Of all Marias *Gone before,*
For Sixteen Ages back and more,
She Second was to None;
And next the Angel-Bleſs'd MARIA *alone*
She all the Good Marias, *and Her Sex Outwent,*
In Her here lies Their Monument.
In all the dear Relations She
Was Virtue's own Epitome;
Beſt Daughter, Siſter, Wife, and Mother too,
(Had Her Sweet Plants but liv'd to prove it ſo;)
But Friend! a Name which comprehends them all,
In that She was Love's Virtuous Lady-*Admiral.*

III.

O Happy, and now Sacred Earth!
Who from thy Womb ſhalt give a Birth
One day more Glorious far
Than that which now is Sow'd in Tear;
Keep the dear Aſhes with a Veſtal's Guard,
Keep ſafe the Truſt depoſited,
Till at the Laſt Aſſize delivered,
Ev'n Thou ſhalt joy to ſee Her great Reward.
The Day will come, the Bridegroom will appear,
That Welcome Day for All that ſleep
(Whom God and Angels keep)
When from their gloomy Cells the King will call
All his Beloveds to Heaven's Whitehall.
Then will He require the Truſt,
The Jewel with Thee, lock'd up in Duſt,
And ask, Where's My Maria? *Come My Dear,*
Awake, Awake,
Now to Partake,
Riſe up in Glory, and receive the Crown
By Conqueſt now Thy Own;
Meet Thy Bleſt Soul in Joy,
That nothing ſhall deſtroy,
Meet all the Saints and Angels Quire;
And for Thy Virtues yet Go higher,
I the Boſom of the Bridegroom Thou ſhal't lye,
Where Thou didſt wiſh and Pray, to all Eternity.

Thus Death and Grave triumphed o're,
She ſo Lovely, and ſo Good before,
And who on Earth Excell'd in Love,
Shall Love and Sing Eternally above;
Sweet and for Ever She ſhall ſay,
Halleluia, Halleluia.

A

Oppreſs'd with *Grief*, and Ever *Religiously* Honouring and Loving *His deceas'd* MARIA, *Paraphras'd* by

Sir *EDWARD DERING*, Knight.

The

The Contents of the *Poems*.

The Contents of the Poems.

The Most Excellent MARIA,

IN A BRIEF CHARACTER OF Her Incomparable Virtues and Goodness.

The INTRODUCTION.

GREAT *and unsearchable are the Works of God, and his Ways past finding out.* There is nothing doth so much astonish and shake even a well-

resolved *Christian*, as to see the Viciſſitudes and ſudden Changes which the ſeveral Conditions of this World are ſubject unto; And that even to the Beſt, moſt Virtuous, and moſt Pious, there remains generally the ſevereſt Lot and Fortune: And out of a Serene and Proſperous Condition, thoſe are moſt often overwhelmed with ſudden Calamities, and all their Sun-ſhiny Days ſet in Cloudy and Dark Nights of Adverſity: Whilſt ſome ſail on with a continual Gale of good Fortune, have all their Hearts can wiſh, and leave alſo perhaps their ill-gotten Wealth to their Poſterity.

Pſal. 73. This made even *David's* Head to ake, and was too hard for him to underſtand; that he thought he had cleanſed his Heart in vain, and waſhed his Hands in Innocency,

cency, until he went into the Sanctuary of God, then he understood the matter. But every one hath not *David's* Spirit; and who can fathom the Dispensations of God, and the secret Counsels of the Almighty? For all things fall out so to this day in the same *Anomalous* manner, as if this World were not governed by an Eternal Hand of Justice, that put the Universe into its first Frame and Motion, and commanded it an unerring Course; as if all things fell out by Chance; or to be Pious and Devout, were to be Poor and Miserable; and to be Virtuous, were to be Unfortunate and Neglected.

All History, both Sacred and Prophane, doth furnish us with many such Examples indeed, to the little Comfort of the Good

and Pious, if our Hope were only in this World. *Job*, in Scripture, the great Example of the Uncertainty of all Worldly Possessions, by God's Permission of a sudden stripp'd of Honours, Wealth, Children, and all the Comforts of this Life, made a Spectacle to Men, and an upbraiding to those Miserable Comforters his Friends, who mistook the Cause of this sudden Change, and the Hand of God upon him. 'Tis true, God removed all these Afflictions from his Servant *Job*, restored him double what he had before, and blessed his Latter End more than his Beginning: And so he can again to any that put their Trust in him, when he sees it best for his Glory and for their Good. *Comines* also, that Excellent Historian, tells us of a Once Great Duke of *Exeter*, that was seen in

Flanders

Flanders in his time, running bare-footed after some Coaches, begging an Alms: A Sad Revolution of Fate, and a deplorable Sight! But it is not my Design, nor proper for this Place, and my intended Brevity, to produce many Instances of such sad Catastrophes of Fortune, which would swell this Little Treatise to a Volume. Let One Prodigy of the Instability of Human Things suffice within our own Memory, though to the Eternal Shame and Reproach of our Nation: We have seen a Wicked *Usurper* dye in his Bed, and a most Pious Virtuous *King* upon a Scaffold.

Excidat illa dies ævo, nec Postera credant Stat. Pap.
Sæcula, Nos certè taceamus, & obruta multâ
Nocte, tegi nostræ patiamur crimina Gentis.

Let that Black *Day forgotten be, and none*
Believe the wicked Fact *could e're be done.*
Silent let's be: The Royal *Blood then spilt,*
Ever remains the Nation's Shame and Guilt.

I am sorry there should be any body so mis-led, some to extenuate the most Impudent Villany the Sun ever look'd upon, since the Crucifixion of our Blessed Saviour; and others to shake it off with that Indifferency, and ridiculous Self-Innocency (as they think) that they had no Hand in it, or they were not Born at that time: As if it were not the Sins of the whole Nation which caused that dreadful Judgment to fall upon it, and such a horrid Fact to be perpetrated, which I am afraid is not expiated yet; or as if the Posterity can be innocent that justify their Forefathers Wickedness: Such I de-

desire to remember the true Sentence of the Poet, *Alienum qui fert scelus, facit suum*: He that justifies another's Wickedness, makes it his own; and he will find it no easy matter to bear the weight of such crying Blood. My just Abhorrence, which (I thank God) I ever had of that detestable Villany, hath led me into this small Digression (if it be one), which if it reform any deluded Judgment, I shall be glad; if it offend them, I shall not much care: And so I return to my Subject. Sen. Trag.

Though Crowns and Honours, Estates and Possessions are sometimes taken away, for Reasons best known to the All-wise Disposer of all things; yet Life, even in a Calamitous Condition is sweet, and as long as that remains,

there is hopes of Emerging out of the greatest Disasters, and to repair our ruinous Fortunes by some successful Undertaking or other. And yet it pleaseth God oftentimes to take away Life also, before there appears any Relief of our Miseries; and sometimes to permit us to sink under the Oppression of wicked and violent Hands: Nay, *Virtue* it self may suffer, which is dearer than Life it self, and yet without any Contamination of the Soul.

And what shall we say to all these Dispensations? Ungrateful indeed to Flesh and Blood: But sanctified thorough our Saviour, the Captain of Sufferings, and of our Salvation, they will be found the Chastisements of a Loving Father, the merciful Favours of Almighty God, who making us per-

perfect by Suffering, brings us thorough them to a greater and more exceeding Weight of Glory. We are God's Creatures, and may he not do with his own what pleaseth him? He knows what is best for us, better than we our selves; and it is for our good whatever he lays upon us, if we bear it patiently, and make the proper use of it. Therefore divinely *Seneca*, *Hos itaque Deus, quos probat, quos amat, indurat, recognoscit, exercet:* Whom God approves, whom he loves, those he hardens, he owns, he exerciseth. And in one word, see yet a better Author, *Heb.* 12. 8. *But if you be without Chastisement, whereof all are Partakers, then are you* Bastards, *and not Sons.* But I leave this Head to the Learned Divines, who are able both to defend the Justice of God herein, and to comfort the afflicted Souls, for

Seneca de Providentiâ.

12. *Heb.* from the 5th *Verse.*

for which I acknowledge my ſelf too weak.

It is good to be afflicted, as *David* in many places expreſſeth it, and by Experience found it. How many had been undone, if they had not been undone? *Periiſſem, niſi periiſſem*, ſaid *Themiſtocles*. How many had their conſtant Proſperity ruined, if God had not mercifully mingled ſome Adverſity with it. *Gerard* in his Meditations bids us always remember, That our Chaſtity is in danger amongſt much Delights, our Humility amongſt Riches, and our Piety amongſt much Buſineſs. To ſome even their very Virtues have been dangerous, and their Perfections obnoxious. St. *Paul* himſelf had need of the σκόλοψ τῇ σαρκὶ, that Thorn he ſpeaks of in the Fleſh to keep him humble, who

who was apt to be elated thorough the many Revelations and Gifts which he had above any Apoſtle. And St. *Auguſtin* obſerved in his time, that there were ſome Matrons and Women ſo highly Virtuous, and ſtrictly Chaſte, that their Pride of being ſo, did take away the Luſtre of their Virtue; inſomuch that he ſticks not to break out into this ſtrange Expreſſion, *Audeo dicere ſuperbis continentibus, Expedit cadere.* He dares tell the Proud Chaſte ones, it was expedient they ſhould fall; that they ſhould ſometime have a Slip, to ſway them on the other ſide into Humility: Their Virtue was ſullied by their Self-Conceit and Pride, and they had loſt that greater Grace of Humility.

Thus unſearchable are the Works of God, and his Ways paſt

past finding out. That which we think is sent in Anger, and for our Ruin, is often done in Mercy and Love for our Good, and to snatch us out of the greater Dangers and concomitant Evils of a continual Prosperity, to draw us nearer to God, whom we had almost forgotten; to make our whole Dependance upon him, and to set our Hearts upon Things above, and not upon the transitory Enjoyments of this World, the Loss of all which he will recompence with everlasting Treasure in Heaven. So secret are all the Dispensations of Almighty God, who can bring Light out of Darkness, and Good out of the worst of Evils; and when the World doth wrongfully judge us forsaken and smitten of God, he comforts us with the Refreshments of his Holy Spirit, and embraceth us with the Arms

Arms of his Love and Mercy. Whence come the Glorious Choir of *Saints* in Heaven? Whence come the Noble Army of *Martyrs*? Not from such who have lived at Ease here, and died rolling in their Wealth; but from such as have endured the Cross; whom God hath thought worthy to suffer; who can boast of their Losses, not of their Gettings in this World; with such is the Kingdom of Heaven Peopled.

Of this Number it pleased God to select his Servant and Handmaid, The *most Excellent* MARIA, that Incomparable Lady, the Subject of the following Sheets, to have Her Share of these Tryals, that Her Reward might be the greater in Heaven. It pleased God by a sudden and great Change of Her Condition,

to

to Exercise those Graces in Her, by which She appeared not to fall, but to descend from a state of all manner of Affluence, Plenty, and Enjoyments, to a strait and hard Condition, that She might be made more Conformable to Her Blessed Saviour.

I am come now to that part of my Undertaking, which I cannot write without Tears, nor proceed in without the Interruption of many sad Reflections and Meditations upon Her *Dearest* Memory. Therefore it will be no wonder, if I want Words to express Her Worth, to illustrate Her Virtues, and to describe Her Heavenly Temper and Goodness. I can use no *Hyperboles*, since all that can be said of Virtuous Womankind was Her Due, and comes short of Her Merit too. Nor will I endea-

vour

vour a *Panegyrick* upon Her, since I cannot reach the Perfection of Her Character; and it would puzzle the most Polite and Rhetorical Pen in the World to do it.

It was by God's Providence that We met and came acquainted; and such was the Sympathy of Our Souls, that Our Affections instantly united in all Honourable ways. Our several Circumstances were not unknown to One another, in which We were Both satisfied; and Love founded in Honour and Virtue, overcame all: And that Our Vows to Each Other which were made here, were ratified in Heaven, is all the Account which (I think) I am bound to give the World, for the Vindication of Her Reputation and Honour. Her *Merit* and my *Love* hath set Her in my Esteem,

above

above the Cenſure of all the World; and I am ſatisfied She could have no Faults, but what Others are to account for more than She. The Unnatural Unkindneſs of One *Relation* (who ought to have been a Sanctuary and Protection to Her from all the Adverſe Strokes of Fortune) will have much to anſwer for in the Laſt Day. But God hath taken Her now into his Own Protection, where Her Bleſſed Soul ſhines in Glory, and is raiſed above all Kingdoms, Honour, and Wealth, the Droſs of this World.

Never was Soul more reſigned to the Will of God, than Her Pious Soul was: With that Chearfulneſs, with that aſſured Faith did She rely upon God's Providence, that in Her extremeſt Straits She would always ſay, *She was ſure*

ſure God would not forſake Her; God would Provide for Her, who did put Her Truſt in Him: And though all Her Friends forſook Her, yet God could raiſe Her up other Friends, or if He pleaſed he could turn their Hearts. And God was pleaſed to look upon Her Sufferings, and to hear Her Prayers, and ſent Her ſome Relief and Comfort, to the great Joy and Contentment of Her Soul, though by an unworthy Inſtrument: Which being very unequal to Her Incomparable Merit, God was pleaſed to ſupply it with his Fulneſs of Joy in Heaven, where there is no Want, no Sorrow, but Peace, and Happineſs, and Pleaſures for evermore.

So great a Loſs, ſo ſhort an Enjoyment of ſo *Dear* a Comfort, is not to be expreſs'd by Human Tongue, nor the Griefs of

an Afflicted Soul imagined, but only by him that feels the *Passion*, and knows the unspeakable Joys and Happiness of Her Dear Society which he hath lost. A whole Life of Sorrow and Tears were not a sufficient Sacrifice to Her Blessed Memory. But God hath forbid it, and She did forbid it. The Just Tribute of our Sorrows to the Dearest Partners of our Lives, we may and ought to pay; but Immoderate Grief, as sorrowing without Hope, God and Reason forbid. It is the Lot of all the World, and the Condition of being Born, that we must also Dye: Besides, Death is the Favour and Mercy of God to all those that dye in his Love; it is the Release from all Misery, the Gate to Heaven, and the Passport to Everlasting Bliss. We cannot come thither, but thorough Death; and who

Cui nasci contigit, restat mori. Sen. Trag.

who will repine at the Way (tho never so rugged) that leads to Eternal Rest and Glory? But She (*Dearest Soul*) did also forbid it; when by Her Dying Side, after those Convulsive Agonies which gave Her the Death's Wound, and I could not forbear a Flood of Tears, She would cast Her Eye toward me, and though the Organs of Her Speech were almost taken away, She would cry, *Don't, My Dear, don't*; meaning that She would not have me Weep and Lament for Her, but Submit to God's Will, for She should be Happy.

What then should I do, but resign my self to the Will of God, as She did in Life and Death? And indeed, when we lament the Death of a Dear Friend, that is gone to Heaven, and not sensible of our

Affliction here, nor benefited by our Grieving, what is it we lament, but our ſelves, and not them? Our own Loſs and diſconſolate Condition left without them, and not theirs, which is not to be deplored, becauſe it is Peace, and Joy, and Bleſſedneſs; and it is prepoſterous to think we grieve at that. Beſides, if She were not now above all things in this World, if She were capable of that diminution of Her Happineſs, as to ſee and know that I grieved and afflicted my ſelf for Her, She would not be pleaſed, and for the Love She bore me, She would forbid it. Wherefore I kiſs the Rod, ſubmit to God's bleſſed Will, who perhaps ſaw that our dear Exceſs of Love for each other intrenched too much on his Prerogative and Due, and therefore ſaw it neceſſary to part us for our greater

greater Good. Our Holy Religion hath taught us not only to bear patiently, but to thank God for all his Diſpenſations and Providences, in the moſt Cloudy Paſſages of our Lives: And though this be a ſtrong Combat between Fleſh and Spirit, yet I truſt by Faith I ſhall overcome, and praiſe him, though with Tears in my Eyes; and at laſt by God's Mercy I ſhall go to Her, but She ſhall not return to me.

And ſo I ſhall proceed by God's Aſſiſtance to deſcribe the *Character* of my *Moſt Excellent* MARIA, thorough the principal Heads of Her Incomparable Virtues and Goodneſs, though I know my ſelf unable to do it ſuitable to Her Illuſtrious and Never-dying Merit. Yet being deſigned not for Publick View, but for the Private Ex-

ercise of my Own *Meditations*, (delighted in continual thinking of Her) I leave it as a Tribute of my Love and Honour to Her *Dear* Memory; and amidst the Melancholy of my Wearied Life, it is at least some kind of Refreshment and Consolation to me.

Her

Her Birth and Parentage.

THere is none, unleſs void of underſtanding, or whoſe Spirits are ſunk below the very Dregs of their Extraction, but muſt acknowledge it a great Happineſs to be Nobly Born, and to be deſcended of Illuſtrious and Honourable Anceſtors. Though it be a mere Providence, and therefore can carry no particular Merit in it ſelf, becauſe it is not in the Power of any one to order his own Generation, and to direct of whom he ſhall be Born, yet it is a Felicity and a Bleſſing for which to praiſe God. Great Souls are commonly deſcended from Great Souls; and an Illuſtrious, or a

Fortes creantur fortibus. Hor.

Learned Father may more probably be hoped to have an Honourable and a Virtuous Son. Moreover, by a Race of Noble Anceſtors, the Deſcendants have not only the Advantage of a more Liberal Education, and more Excellent Inſtruction, but are alſo ſtirred up to a Generous Emulation, to imitate the Examples of their Progenitors, and to convey the ſame Patern to their Succeſſors; *Et Pater Æneas & avunculus excitat Hector.* The Father and the Collateral Noble Branches excite the Offspring to imitate, and if poſſible, to exceed their Heroick Actions. It is therefore an infallible Index of an Abject Soul, mean and ſordid as the Fountain from whence it flows, when any one pretends to ſlight or deſpiſe Honourable Birth and Extraction; and perhaps rowling in their Heaps

Virgil.

of

of Wealth (an Accident as common to the Fool as to the Wise) with a ridiculous Pride can say, They do not value *Quality* at all, but the *Rich* are those they respect and admire. But I say, there is none that ever were very Rich, and suddenly, that can be Innocent, if the inside of all their Actions were known.

——*Dives qui fieri vult,* Juv. Sat. 14.
Et citò vult fieri, sed quæ reverentia Legum?
Quis metus aut pudor est unquam properan-
(tis avari?

Who will be rich, and quickly rich, what
(Laws,
What Fear or Shame can stay the Miser's
(Claws?

I know that with the generality of the World, the Rich are only accounted Good and Wise; and they weigh every Man's *Honesty*, and

and his *Wiſdom* too, in the Scale with his Money, even to Ounces, Drams, and Scruples: For if a man be but a little heavier than his Neighbour in his Bags, he ſhall be cried up for the Honeſter and the Wiſer man of the two. Nay, a man that was allowed and courted as a Man of Honour and Integrity, and admired as an Ingenious and a Wiſe Man, whilſt he was flowing in Wealth and Proſperity; let but the ſudden Blaſts of Fortune ſweep all away, and the black Cloud of Adverſity overſhadow and darken all thoſe Virtues, and preſently he is not allowed to be ſo much as *Honeſt*, ſlighted as a *Fool*, and his Converſation avoided like a Contagion; forgetting that it was the *Poor* Wiſe Man that delivered the City. This I am ſenſible is (for the moſt part) the Humour of the World; or

Eccleſ. 9. 15.

elſe

else the Ingenious, the most deserving *Cowley* had not lived and died so neglected as he did. If a man falls from Riches and Honours, then 'tis *Nunquam (si quid mihi credis) amavi hunc hominem*: Truly *I never lik'd this man; I thought what he would come to.* But as long as he swells in Riches and Prosperity, 'tis Juven.Sat. 10.

Da Trebio, pone ad Trebium, vis frater (ab istis
Iibus? O nummi, Vobis hunc præstat ho- (norem,
Vos estis fratres. Juv.Sat.5.

The best of every thing is offered and crowded to him, and every body's Estate is at his Service; he's very *Honest*, and very *Wise*: O *Money!* to you he pays this Honour, you are the *Brother*, and the *Kindred*, saith the *Poet*. This

is

is no new thing: Money always governed Mankind in their Affections and Esteem, in their Friendship, Love, Honour, Duty, and Religion it self; in all Places, in all Conditions, and between all Relations. Thus it hath been for the most part in all Ages, and I fear will be so to the End of the World. *Pauci dignoscere possunt Vera bona*: Few can discern true Worth and Virtue. The Witty *Horace* (something Elder in time than *Juvenal*) in those Golden Days of *Augustus Cæsar*, sums up all in a few Words:

Juven. Sat. 10.

Horat. Ser. lib. 2. Sat. 3.

Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanáque (*pulchris*
Divitiis parent; quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, justus, sapiens etiam, (*& Rex*
Et quicquid volet.

For

For every thing, Virtue, Honour, Fame,
Divine and Human, and whate're you'll name,
Fair Riches doth obey; by which who riſe,
He ſhall be Noble, Great, and Juſt, and Wiſe,
A King, and what he pleaſe.

But this is not right judging, and therefore is juſtly taxed by the Satyriſt; nor was it ever the Scale by which I eſtimate Men, nor doth it hinder me from diſcerning true Merit in the moſt Cloudy Condition. On the contrary, my Spirit riſeth with Indignation and Diſdain againſt ſuch vulgar Souls: *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.* I never expected nor cared to pleaſe ſuch Earthy Worms. My Thoughts and theirs are far aſunder, and I agree with *Lipſius*, *Nunquam volui populo placere, quæ ego probo non probat populus, quæ probat populus ego neſcio.*

Horat. lib. 3. Od. 1.

Lipſ. Polit.

nescio. I never could admire an *Ass* for his outward Ornaments and Rich Furniture, when I know the *Beast* that is under the Golden Trappings. I look into the inside (as far as is possible) of a Man, and if there I discover Ingenuity, Parts, and Endowments, whether Natural or Acquired, Veracity, Integrity, and a Grateful Soul (which only recommends and adorns all other Qualities), no Disguise of Fortune shall hinder me from embracing him. *Cardan*, that once living Library and Treasure of Learning, records a great Example of One Noble Spirit which he met with, that could discern Worth thorough a Cloud of Poverty and Misfortunes, in the Person and Friendship of *Emar Ranconetus*, President of the Parliament of *Paris*; *Quem quod pannosus essem, efficere non potui ut contemneret,*

Cardan *Gen.* 5.

temneret, quod simplici uterer Sermone, ut despectui haberet. Whom though he was *threadbare*, he could not cause him to despise him, or though he used a plain way of Discourse, that he should slight him. *Tunc mecum dixi, hoc rara avis est, quæ intus prospicit, nec recti falsâ specie fallitur.* Then said *Cardan* within himself, This is a *rare Bird* indeed, who looks inward, and is not deceived with a false shew of what is honest. Here the Learned *Cardan* disguised himself both in Person and Mind, to make a Trial, and yet the Wise and Noble Senator discovered him, and gave him the respect his Worth and Learning required.

But to come closer to the Subject of Her Birth and Parentage. Though a Noble Extraction be both a Happiness and an Honour,

and

and ſuch Relations on every ſide are an Ornament to us, and we to them, if agreeable Qualities embeliſh our Actions; yet I muſt confeſs that Virtue and plain Honeſty and Integrity, goes beyond all glittering Honour and a Pompous Family. And thoſe of a Lower Extraction (for this is no man's Crime, as a High one is no man's Merit) that adorn their humble Condition with Piety, Modeſty, Humility, and all the Graces of Religion, are to be preferr'd before the ſhining Titles and the gawdy Circumſtances of a Great Extraction, where thoſe Jewels are wanting; as Humility ſeldom accompanies Greatneſs, or Modeſty a Luxurious and Licentious Education. And in this Compariſon, there is no wiſe man that knows wherein true Happineſs conſiſts, but would chuſe the Virtuous

Virtuous humble State before the Vicious, Great and Rich: Nor was there ever any Great Man yet ſo Wicked, and ſo Fooliſh, but he deſired he might have a Virtuous Son, free from the Follies and the Vices of his Father; and that a *Therſites* might produce an *Achilles*. Juv. *Sat.* 8. Add to this, that a Virtuous and Pious Education is more frequently ſeen and given in a low and moderate State, than in a Wealthy and Great Fortune. Flattery, Ambition, and Self-Ends, are frequently Ingredients, mixed with the Principles and Inſtitution of high-born Youth; whilſt the Parents, the Guardians, the Inſtructors of the lower or middle Rank, have no Aim or Intereſt in the Education of their Children, but the Inſtructions of Piety, Integrity, Innocency, and to ground them well in the Fear of

God, which is the Beginning of Wiſdom.

In this Happy degree of Birth and Quality was this *Excellent* Lady Born, of Parents rather *Good* than *Great*, and more Virtuous than Rich. Her Goodneſs, Temper, and the Accompliſhments of Her Mind, ſhew'd their Pious and Careful Education: They had reaſon to Glory in ſo *Excellent* a Daughter, and She to praiſe God for ſo *Good* and Worthy Parents. If there were not Titles and Honours, yet there was a Signal Honeſty, and Upright Juſtice and Integrity, which Ennobled all their Actions, and hath Embalmed their good Name and Memory to Poſterity. She was Born in the City of *Hereford* about the Year 1650, the Daughter of Mr. *William Edwin*, and *Ann* his

his Wife; And Baptized by the Name of *MARY*: Her Great Natural Endowments were ſo improved by a Virtuous and Genteel Education, that She proved indeed the Ornament of Her Family, and Worthy of that Honoured *Name*, which all Generations muſt call *Bleſſed*. Her Father twice underwent the chief Magiſtracy as *Mayor* of that City, lived and died in Reputation, and left a fair Character behind him. Nor can the Pedigree or Gentile Extraction of that Name be doubted, in ſpight of all the Envy and Detraction in the World, their Coat of Arms * teſtifying their Antiquity, and the very Name ſpeaking it *Saxon*; and We having in the Liſt of Our *Saxon* Kings of *England*, One of the Name of *EDWIN*. I have alſo read in a Printed Book of *Heraldry*, of One *Edwin*, a Noble

* Gules, *a Croſs Argent between* 4 *Martlets.*

Saxon, in the Time of King *William* the Conqueror, who was then Earl of *Coventry*, and Oppoſed the Conqueror; for which he retired into *Scotland*, and there died without Iſſue. And why may not the Family now Extant (though ſunk in Dignity) be deſcended from ſome Collateral Branches of that Earl? Certain it is, that the Name is Ancient, and muſt have been Conſiderable in former Ages. But daily Experience ſhews, that it hath been the Fate of many Illuſtrious Families to fall to a lower Condition, as every Sublunary thing by its Nature firſt riſeth to its ἀκμὴ or height, and then declines, till poſſibly at laſt it ſets in utter Oblivion. Her Mother alſo was well deſcended of the Family of *Mansfield*, of Repute and Antiquity; She had the Character of an Extraordinary Good, Virtuous,

tuous and Pious Woman, and Her Memory is juſtly Eſteemed in that Country to this day. They Both had the Happineſs to ſee this their *Excellent* Daughter to live in great Proſperity, Plenty, and Reputation; and alſo to dye before it pleaſed God to draw the Clouds of Adverſity upon Her.

It will not be improper, if under this Head I give a ſhort Character of Her Eminent Piety, and Dutiful Regard and Honour toward Her Parents. She ever ſpake of them with all becoming Reſpect and Honour; ever commending their Goodneſs and Integrity; ſhewing Her ſelf as well pleaſed and Happy to be Born of *Good* Parents, as of *Great*: And ſetting their Piety and their Chriſtian Virtues before Her for an Example, She honour'd them beſt,

in improving thoſe Graces in Her Own Excellent Soul, and in the Rich Endowments of Her Mind. For this I will be Bold to ſay, She had all thoſe Heavenly Graces of Fervent Piety, Modeſty, Meekneſs, Charity, mixed with that ſweet Affability of Temper, Genteelneſs in all Her Behaviour, Ingenuity in all Her Actions, and more than common Capacity and Underſtanding in whatever She diſcourſed or read, that She would ſeem to be rather of ſome Princely Education, than thoſe humble Beginnings which She did ſo well Adorn and Honour. There is, no doubt, but Her moſt admirable Ingenuity (of which there will be occaſion, in purſuing this Diſcourſe, to give ſome particular Inſtances) did much advance and improve all Her Excellent Qualities, by a Generous and Noble Conver-

Converſation, which She had acquired of Perſons of the Beſt Rank and Merit, and by what Her Prudence and Solid Judgment obſerved in the World. But the Foundation was laid by Her Careful Parents in Her Innocent Infancy; firſt in the Inſtructions of Piety, and next in the Cultivating ſo fertile an Ingenuity, with all the Additions of a Liberal Education, and commendable Knowledge. She could not endure to hear any one leſſen Her Parents, or ſpeak ſlightly of them, but would always vindicate them, and value Her ſelf upon them, both in their Original Quality, and their Perſonal Merits. And Her Good Mother She did particularly honour and admire, and ſhewed it by many Teſtimonies of Dutiful Reſpect in Preſents and Gifts, which Her Generous and

Grateful Heart was ever Sending to Her from *Italy*, when She lived in Her Proſperity there; but eſpecially in One laſting Token of Her Dutiful Regard to Her Mother, and Memorial of Her ſelf too; being a large Noble Picture of Her Own *Dear* Perſon; Which She ſent Over, and Preſented to Her Mother, to be Preſerved in the Family for Her Sake; which I think is ſtill remaining amongſt them in *Hereford*.

Juvenal, 8 *Sat.* ----*Nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica, Virtus.*
Virtue is the only true Nobility.

A Summary Account of Her LIFE, *till her Return out of* Italy.

I Cannot pretend to purſue this Subject in Particulars, through the ſeveral Years of Her Life, which paſſed till Her Return back out of *Italy*; not having the Honour and Happineſs to be known to Her, till after that time. I ſhall touch only in general upon ſuch an Account as I have learnt either from Her ſelf or Others. Her firſt diſpoſal in the World, was in Marriage to a Young Gentleman of a Good Family in *Shropſhire*, who was bred a Merchant. After ſome Years of agreeable Converſation here,

Grateful Heart was ever Sending to Her from *Italy*, when She lived in Her Prosperity there; but especially in One lasting Token of Her Dutiful Regard to Her Mother, and Memorial of Her self too; being a large Noble Picture of Her Own *Dear* Person; Which She sent Over, and Presented to Her Mother, to be Preserved in the Family for Her Sake; which I think is still remaining amongst them in *Hereford*.

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here, He was ſent into *Italy*, where the Commerce lay which he was Educated to, and in the City of *Genoua* was fixed as a Factor. In this Voyage (which I think was in the Year 1682.) this Lady his Wife went alſo with him: Fame ſpeaks them to have lived all their Lives in mutual Affection and Concord, which Her incomparable Virtues and Goodneſs could not chuſe but procure, to the Envy of ſome, and Admiration of Others. Here were the Glorious Sun-ſhiny Days of Her Life, whilſt He Proſper'd in all his Affairs, and Encreas'd his Fortunes greatly for above Ten Years together. And this Due muſt be given him, That he Kindly and Generouſly made Her a Sharer and Partner of all his Fortune and Proſperity; denied Her nothing of Grandeur, State and Equipage, which

which became the Greateſt Ladies, and Her Greater Merit. Her Houſes and Palaces, both in the City and the Country, Her Furniture, Rich Apparel, Jewels, Coaches and Sedans, with ſuitable Attendance and Servants, She had and enjoyed with the higheſt Rank and Quality, and became them as well. There were no *Engliſh* Women there beſides Her ſelf (Excepting the Domeſtick Servants of Her Own.) But Her Genteel Meen and Behaviour, and Her incomparable Sweet Temper, gained Her the Converſation and the Love of All the *Grandezza* there; and She was Acquainted, Careſſed, and Regaled by all the Ladies of Honour and Quality; the *Doges* Lady, and all the Beſt of the Dutcheſſes, Counteſſes, and Ladies of that Beautiful and Illuſtrious City. Nor did She much leſs than Ri-

val

val them in State and Figure, who much outdid them in Her Inward Endowments, and Her Accompliſh'd Virtues.

She lived in that Flouriſhing and Luxurious City for many Years; nor did She here loſe Her Native Beauty and Excellencies, but Adorned, Poliſhed and Encreaſed them. Her Religion, and Her conſtant Devotion to God, She kept Sacred in Her private Practice, amidſt a Superſtitious People, a few Gentlemen of the *Engliſh* Nation, and no Examples of Her Own Sex. This ſo Prepared and Sanctified Her Pious Soul, that afterwards when it pleaſed God to make Her a Sharer in Adverſity as well as Proſperity, it made Her Patient under the Stroke and the ſudden *Cataſtrophe*, reſigning Her ſelf cheerfully to the Will

Will of God: And when I knew Her after in *England*, Her Daily Devotion and Reading of the Bible was not only regular and constant, but was become habitual to Her; and She could turn to the appointed Lessons and Offices of the Day, more readily than I my self. Whilst She was in so Famous and Celebrated a City, She neglected not also to improve Her Self in many Arts and Accomplishments; being, next to Her Devotion, the best employing of the sufficient Spare Time which She had in a strange Country: Wherefore She had Masters for the *Italian* Language, for *Singing*, *Musick*, *Dancing*, and what else Her Ingenuity inclined Her to; insomuch that She not only Grac'd and Adorn'd Her own Family, but there was scarce any other that equalled, none exceeded Her in the

the Incomparable Perfections of Her Mind and Body: And She was certainly worthy of a Higher, more Noble, and more Fixed State and Condition, than Her Fate and Fortune had placed Her in.

But it pleased God, the Infinitely Wise Disposer of all things, after so many Years Course of Prosperity, and Affluence of all Plenty and Pleasures that could be desired, to change the *Scene*, and draw a Cloud over all; and by repeated Losses in that Time of Publick Wars, to take all away. And what was preserved for Her particular Support in that disconsolate Condition, She lived to see imbezeled and diminished, or denied by perfidious Friends; who having flatter'd Her in Her Prosperity, She now found the first true Trial

Trial of. Soon after the first Insult of this Tempest of Fortune, Her Husband died at *Turin* in *Savoy*, where She was with him at that time. This added to Her Affliction, and left every thing in the more Confusion; it being the nature of the World, that upon a Man's Death every one makes their own Advantage, states their own Accounts, conceals, defrauds, and makes what Demands they please, without regard to Widow or Orphans, or any manner of Justice. Now had this unhappy *Excellent* Lady need of all Her Virtues, and to summon them to Her Assistance (by God's Grace) to bear up against these Calamities. And undoubtedly in that sad Juncture (as well as ever after) She did shew an invincible Fortitude of Mind, and Her strong Confidence and Affiance in God,

God, with a Patient Submiſſion to His Bleſſed Will. She knew how to want as well as to abound, and with Holy *Job* She ſtill bleſſed his Name, who gives and takes away at his Pleaſure. As She was never elated in Proſperity, ſo She was not dejected in Adverſity.

But being unequal to the Burden and Toil of thoſe unſetled Affairs, which required the Experience and Qualifications of Men verſed in Accompts, and that had had ſome Inſpection into the Dealings, She bethought Her Self of returning into *England*, Her Own Country, and amongſt Her Own Relations; where She had reaſon to promiſe Her Self a Kind Welcome, and a ſafe Retreat from the Storms of Fortune. She addreſſed Her Self therefore to prepare for ſuch a Journey,

Journey, and with that Meekneſs of Spirit under Her Troubles, peculiar to Her Self, She made up Her ſmall Equipage and Wardrobe which the Cruelty of Fortune had left Her; and took an Affectionate and Sad Leave of all Her Friends in *Genoua*; where Her Name and Memory would be Honoured to all Ages, if ſome People were not Friends to the Fortune and Proſperity of any body, more than to the Perſon: As *Parmenio* is ſaid to have loved the *King*, but *Hepheſtion* loved *Alexander*. She deſigned this Journey over Land, becauſe it was a Time of War, and there was great Danger by Sea; and ſo She ſet out from *Genoua* in *May* 1694, in Company with a Nephew of Hers, and a Kinſwoman who waited on Her as Her Woman. She paſſed firſt to *Milan*, and thence came into *Germany*, and

Q. Curtius Vita Alex. M.

so down to *Holland*; from whence She transported into *England*: A pleasant Journey of about Three Months Travelling, which it pleased God to bring Her safe; having other Sorrows and Afflictions for Her, wherewith to Exercise Her Piety and Her Patience, before He gave Her the Crown of Glory.

Our

Our first Acquaintance.

I Will make no Reflections upon Her Reception here amongst Her Relations: But from what I have been informed, and is a little too notorious in the World, I wish it had been more agreeable to one that returned with a Heart so full of Affection toward them: It might have prevented many Sorrows and Heart-breakings to Her, and perhaps She had been alive at this day; for I am sure nothing sat nearer upon Her Heart, than the Unnatural Unkindness of One *Relation*, whose Love She only coveted, and of which alone She was ambitious to boast, and to value Her Self upon; and I fear it made too great an Impression

upon Her. But after all, She could never endure to hear any body speak in the least derogation of that Person; and comforted Her Self that God would turn his Heart in his due time. I will not instance in some things which I could, nor dwell upon so unpleasing a Subject, that is too tender to discuss between so near of Blood. And I pray God give them Grace to repent, where the Fault lies; for the * ἄστοργοι are amongst the long black Roll of Monsters which St. *Paul* said would be in the Last Days. But I desire to forget those Errors against Her Incomparable Merit, which I know She forgave. And for Her *Dear Sake* I have the greatest Proneness in the World to be their Servant and Friend, and could prosecute them with the same Affection as my own Relations. But if an unaccountable Ill Nature

* *Without natural affection.* 2 Tim. 3. 3.

ture cannot retrieve those Lapses, and do Justice to Her Blessed Memory, I shall not think my self honoured to be owned by any such, nor covet their Favour: For I shall always have a very mean thought and regard for any that have not an Esteem and Honour for Her; as I shall ever embrace and honour those that were and are the true Honourers of Her.

It was by the secret and blessed Providence of Almighty God, that I came acquainted with this *Most Excellent* Lady; a strange and accidental Occasion, but the Finger of God was in it, and ordained it (I trust) for both our Goods here and hereafter. By what strange ways God's Infinite Wisdom hath sometimes wrought Deliverance to a forsaken, despairing Soul; by what seeming weak In-

ſtruments he hath ſupplied the Neceſſities of a languiſhing Heart, and refreſhed the almoſt deſponding Spirit; by what wonderful and unexpected means he hath brought Comfort and Relief to a dejected and afflicted Creature, is an ample Theme for the Learned Divines to illuſtrate his Omnipotence and his Mercies by; too high a Subject for me to undertake, nor is it proper to the deſigned Brevity and Scope of theſe Sheets, which is to keep chiefly to the *Character* of my *Moſt Excellent* MARIA. But God did never forſake them that put their Truſt in him; he can and he will ſupply Neceſſities and Comforts too; and if we are forſaken of Friends, and the deareſt Relations, he can raiſe up others, and better in their room, that ſhall with advantage repair the Injuries and the Defects of the deſerting Friends. At

At the first sight of my MARIA, I was surprized with those Emotions of my Soul, as (I believe) Presaged that I was ordained a Comfort for Her, and She for me: But while I was musing, the Fire burned. Her Modest Mien, Her Ingenious Discourse, Her Sweet Temper and Disposition, which appeared in all Her Words and Actions, were enough to captivate any understanding Man, that valued Goodness above heaps of Dirt, and could see Virtue through a Cloud. I quickly perceived that Fortune had been very malicious to Her; but that there was a Spark of Divinity, a Soul within Her, that was above all her Malice, and beyond her reach. This therefore did but inflame the profound Reverence and Honour which I had conceived

ved for Her: And as I began to have a Generous Hatred for Her Enemies, and a little less Aversion for Her False Friends, so I cherish-ed an Affectionate Compassion for Her, and resolved within my own Heart an inviolable Friendship and Service to Her. This could not but grow up into an Equal Flame and Reciprocal Affection. After not many days Converse, I understood Her very Heart and Condition: Nor did I leave any thing undiscovered to Her of my own Circumstances, which might disoblige Her, or oppress Her Conscience: In fine, Love distinguish-ed well, and got the Victory over all; and Honour commanded Love. Our Vows made to each other here through all Conditions, were sealed in Heaven to our Lives ends, and we received the Blessed Sacrament together.

I re-

I resolved the Noblest *Friendship*, and the most Faithful Services that ever Man could pay to a Woman: And that on this Foundation, on this Rock, all our subsequent Affections and Endearments should be built: For I was always perswaded, that where there was not the most devoted Service, and the most Pure and Noble *Friendship*, there never could be any durable Love or Felicity, not even in the *Marriage* State it self. For that is often too much mixed with Self-Ends, sordid Interest, Distrust and Jealousies; that for the most part they rather endure each others Conversation and Lives, than take Pleasure in them, and do but civilly dissemble: And only because the Marriage-Knot is not tied and cemented on both sides with the Dearest and the Noblest

Mea-

Measures of *Friendship*. Admirably well expressed by the most incomparable *Orinda*, in her Excellent Poems, as follows:

For when Two Souls are chang'd and
(mixed so,
It is what they, and none but they can do.
This, this is Friendship, that abstracted
(Flame,
Which groveling Mortals know not how to
(name.
All Love is sacred, and the Marriage Tye
Hath much of Honour and Divinity.
But Lust, Design, or some unworthy Ends,
May mingle there, which are despis'd by
(Friends:
So when the End is serv'd, their Love will
(bate,
If Friendship make it not more fortunate.
Friendship, that Love's Elixir, that pure
(Fire,
Which burns the clearer, 'cause it burns the
(higher.

For

For Love, like Earthly Fires (which will decay,
If the material Fuel be away)
Is with offensive Smoke accompani'd,
And by Resistance only is suppli'd:
But Friendship, like the fiery Element,
With its own heat and nourishment content,
Where neither hurt, nor smoke, nor noise is made,
Scorns the assistance of a Foreign Aid.
Friendship (like Heraldry) is hereby known,
Richest when plainest, Bravest when alone.
Calm as a Virgin, and more Innocent
Than sleeping Doves are, and as much content
As Saints in Visions; quiet as the Night,
But clear and open as the Summer's Light;
United more than Spirits Faculties;
Higher in Thoughts than are the Eagles Eyes:
Free as first Agents are, true Friends and kind;
As but their selves I can no likeness find.

And

And in another place, methinks she most divinely celebrates *Friendship*, above the common rate of *Love*; of which I will transcribe only a part.

Friendship's an Abstract of this noble Flame,
'Tis Love refin'd and purg'd from all its dross;
The next to Angels Love, if not the same;
As strong in Passion is, tho not so gross:
It antedates a glad Eternity,
And is an Heaven in Epitome.

Nobler than Kindred, or than Marriage-Band,
Because more free: Wedlock Felicity
It self doth only by this Union stand,
And turns to Friendship or to Misery.
Force or Design Matches to pass may bring;
But Friendship doth from Love and Honour spring.

If

If Souls no Sexes have, for Men t' exclude
Women from Friendship's vast capacity,
Is a design injurious or rude,
Only maintain'd by partial Tyranny.
Love is allow'd to us, and Innocence,
And noblest Friendships do proceed from
(thence.

The chiefest thing in Friends is Sympathy;
There is a Secret that doth Friendship
(guide,
Which makes Two Souls, before they know,
(agree,
Who by a thousand Mixtures are ally'd,
And chang'd and lost so, that it is not known
Within which Breast doth now reside their
(own.

A Friend should find out each Necessity,
And then, unask'd, relieve't at any rate.
It is not Friendship, but Formality,
To be desir'd, for Kindness keeps no State.
Of Friends, he doth the Benefactor prove,
That gives his Friend a means t' express
(his Love.

Constant

Constant and solid, whom no Storms can
(shake,
Nor Death unfix, a right Friend ought
(to be;
And if condemned to survive, doth make
No second Choice, but Grief and Memory.
But Friendship's best Fate is, when it can
(spend
A Life, a Fortune, all to serve a Friend.

Such was the Divine and Noble Love and Friendship between my *Most Excellent* MARIA and Me; Our Souls were fitted for it; and as I believe none could imitate us, so we only excell'd one another in the Generous Strife and Emulation. This sweetens all Conditions, and makes the most cross Accidents of Fortune to be not only supportable, but even pleasant, and is the only Heaven upon Earth. Marriage is, and ought to be the Union of the Souls

Souls more than of the Bodies; the ſame Wills, the ſame Deſires, the ſame Intereſt: And when this fails, the Souls are divorced, and then 'tis no wonder that we ſee ſo many Miſchiefs, ſo many Separations in that State. Without this Angelical and Purer Flame of *Friendſhip*, all Conjugal Love will languiſh and turn to Miſery. I account the Congreſſes of ſuch no better than that of Beaſts, to multiply their *Species*; which is ſo filthy a ſerving of Love, and periſhes in the Act, that any Ingenuous Soul would wiſh with the Learned Sir *Thomas Brown*, That there had been another way to propagate our *Kind*; as the Divine and Modeſt *Cowley* juſtly deſpiſeth it, with a *Religio Medici.*

—— *Brevis & cœnoſa voluptas,* *Lib. Plant.*
Ah! pereant quibus hæc ſola vocatur Amor.

Ah!

Ah! let them never reach the Seats above,
Who call that short and dirty Pleasure, Love.

I would say something here in Description of Her Dear Person, to perpetuate the Image and Remembrance of Her, but perhaps it will be thought Fondness or Fancy in me; it being impossible that the same Person, no more than the same Dish, should please every Palate. She had a Lively Modest Eye, and sweet Features; a Black Lovely Hair, and a Clear Fresh Complexion, which (in my Opinion) makes the only Beauty. And Her Pretty *Little* Person had all the Charming Sweetness that could be desired in a Passionate and Faithful Love. Indeed She was *Little* of Stature, but so Amiable and Lovely, and so just a Well-shap'd Proportion of Body, with

with a Genteel Mien; that if ever *Prettineſs* was to be the proper Epithet to *Littleneſs*, it was Her Due. And my Dear *Little* MARIA (as She uſed to call Herſelf) hath ſo reconciled me to Ladies of *Low* Stature, that I look upon the Great Ones as the Exceedings of Nature, and coming ſomething near to Monſtroſity. However, this I hope I may ſay, with the Pardon of the whole Sex, If the one looks more *Majeſtick* and Stately, the other is certainly more Delightful and *Pretty*. I will not contend whoſe Minds are generally beſt repleniſhed with Ingenuity, Vigor, and Judgment, of the *Low* or the *Procere* Stature. But to grace my *Deareſt Little* MARIA, I will here remember, that the Queen *Henrietta Maria*, the late Queen *Katherine*, and the *Infanta* of *Spain* *Osborn's Memoirs.*

(whom our King *Charles* the First courted) in their Youth were not only all Beautiful, and *Low* in Stature, but are also reputed for Virtue and Prudence above most of Womankind in their times.

Her *Dear* Society was ever agreeable, and the greatest Consolation to me in the World: For Her *Dear Sake* I can forget my own Misfortunes, and not repine for being abandoned and *deserted*, since I was in Her so more abundantly repaired. Her Love surpassed the Love of Women, nay even the Love of *Jonathan* and *David*, which I reckon was much greater, as *Friendship* is the most Divine and Exalted *Love*. But I will say no more of this, till I come to the Section wherein I shall endeavour to set forth Her most unparallel'd *Conjugal* Affection. *Her*

Her Piety.

THE Seeds of a Virtuous Education, as well as an Heavenly-temper'd Soul, might be ſeen in Her Eminent *Piety*, and Love to God's Service: Which I do not queſtion but had been the conſtant Practice of Her whole Life, and in Her greateſt Proſperity She did look up to the Hand that gave it. Yet Adverſity and Afflictions are God's *Phyſick*, to cure the Diſtempers of the Soul, which too much Eaſe and Enjoyment of this World's Superfluity is apt to contract. And thus perhaps Her ſanctified Soul was drawn yet nearer to God: For after I knew Her, She expreſſed ſuch Joy

and Satisfaction in ſerving of God, as if She took more Pleaſure in Her preſent Condition, than in all Her former Proſperity. As Her Piety was Zealous toward God, ſo it was Regular and Conſtant. She never failed of Her due Retirements to Her private Devotions in Her *Cloſet* both Mornings and Evenings: And in the Afternoons She would generally withdraw (whatever Company there was) to read a Meditation of *Gerard*'s: And moreover She delighted openly every day to read the *Pſalms* and the Proper *Leſſons*; which She knew as readily to turn to, as if She had ſerved in a *Cathedral*. Having found a Prayer in Biſhop *Jeremy Taylor*'s Book of *Holy Living and Holy Dying*, directed to pray for our *Benefactors*, She deſired me to Enlarge it a little, and to make it more applicable

ble to Her Caſe, and eſpecially to Bleſs God for me (as She was pleaſed to ſay) Her greateſt *Benefactor*. Which I having done, and tranſcribed it fair for Her, it is incredible to think with what Joy She received it, and how Pathetically She uſed it always at Her Prayers. Which becauſe it is a great Inſtance of Her *Gratitude* as well as *Piety*, I will here inſert to be preſerved in Memorial of Her Goodneſs.

A Prayer for my Patrons and Benefactors; eſpecially for my moſt Worthy and Dear Sir E. D.

"O Almighty God, Thou "Fountain of all Good, of all "Excellency both to Men and "Angels, extend thy abundant "Favour and Loving-kindneſs to "all my Friends and Benefactors,

"but especially to my Dearest
"*Friend* and *Patron*, whom Thou
"hast raised up an Honourable
"and particular Comfort and Sup-
"port to me. Thou hast joined
"our Hearts by thy unsearchable
"Wisdom and Providence, in
"faithful Affections and Endear-
"ments to each other. O may
"they last to our Lives End, and
"be acceptable in Thy sight.
"Thou hast made him my Deli-
"verer out of *Bondage*, Misery
"and Want. Thou hast sent him
"as a good *Samaritan* to me, to
"bind up my Wounds, to relieve
"my Necessities, and to comfort
"me when I was robb'd, abused,
"injured, and forsaken by all.
"O let my Soul Praise Thee for
"this Thy Merciful Providence
"toward Thy Servant. Let the
"Light of Thy Countenance ever
"shine upon him, my *Best Friend*,
"my

"my Dearest *Patron* and *Bene-*
"*factor*: Reward him, and make
"him plenteous Recompence for
"all the Good which from Thee
"the *Fountain* he hath conveyed
"to me. Bless him with all the
"Blessings of Thy Right Hand
"and of thy Left; with Honour,
"Length of Days, Peace and
"Prosperity; and make him yet
"more and more an Instrument
"of Thy Glory, and of Joy and
"Comfort to me thy Servant.
"Let him never come into any
"Affliction or Sadness, but what
"Thou wilt sanctify to him, and
"deliver him out of with great-
"er Honour and Reputation:
"Let his Enemies never prevail
"over him, but give him the *Vi-*
"*ctory* in all his Troubles and
"Adversities. Forgive him all his
"Sins; let Thy Divine Spirit
"preserve him from all Deeds of

"Darkneſs. Let Thy Miniſtring "Angels guard his *Perſon* from "all Violence and Hurt: And "Thou who knoweſt every de-"gree of his Neceſſities, by Thy "Infinite Wiſdom give Supply to "all his Needs, by Thy Glorious "Mercy preſerving his *Perſon*, "ſanctifying his *Heart*, and lead-"ing him in the Ways of Peace "and Righteouſneſs, till Thou at "laſt bring us Both to Thy Eter-"nal Glory, thorough the Merits "of *Jeſus Chriſt* our Bleſſed Savi-"our and Redeemer. *Amen.*

She read Sermons often by Her ſelf in private, and generally writ remarkable Sentences and Obſervations out of them, and particularly out of Biſhop *Taylor's* Sermons. I found once ſeveral Sheets of Paper Noted out, and writ with Her own Hand, and in ſuch mate-

material Inſtances, tranſcribing even the apt *Latin* Quotations, that I ſtood amazed at it my ſelf: Which She obſerving, anſwered with great Modeſty, *That She lov'd to do ſo, that She might Profit the more by Her Reading, and remember it the better.* She always took notice of any pretty Pious Ejaculations, or ſhort Prayers that ſhe met any where, and would be ſure to tranſcribe them into the ſpare Leaves of Her own Books, for Her Meditation: As in one, a ſhort Ejaculation which ſhe found I had writ before a *Common-Prayer-Book*, viz. *O Lord, forſake me not in my Adverſity, and in my Proſperity give me Grace never to forget nor forſake Thee*: This She was ſo pleaſed with, that She tranſcrib'd it almoſt into all Her Books, and often ſubjoined it to Her Prayers. In another I find this Heavenly Aſpiration,

ration; *O Lord, let me know no Loves but those of Duty and Charity, Obedience and Devotion; that I may for ever run after Thee, who art the King of Virgins, and with whom whole Kingdoms are in Love.* And in another, this Gracious Prayer; *O Good God, give me for my Dowry, Purity and Humility, Modesty and Devotion, Charity and Patience; and at last bring me into the Bride-Chamber, to partake of the Felicities, and to lye in the Bosom of the Bridegroom to Eternal Ages.* Amen. These things were Her Delight and Her constant Practice: She would ransack my Books, and when She found any of *Piety* or Good Instructions, She would cry, *Mio Cuore, I must have this Book; thy Little* Maria *will have this*; for so She delighted to call Her self, and I as frequently used the same Appellation to Her. Her *Dear* Letters

ters to me, of which I have many (for She would delight to be writing to me, although She knew She should see me the next day) are a perfect *Treasure* of most faithful endearing *Love* and *Piety*. I will instance but in one, lest I seem too vain in these private Passages. In one Letter therefore She writ thus; *I will for ever trust in God, and I hope my Prayers will prevail, and be acceptable to God's Glory and our Good: For who can harm us if God be for us? And no good thing will he withhold from them that put their Trust in him. They that trust in God shall have their Hearts Desire: My Delight is to serve and love God, and next my Dearest* Edoardo Deringo, *mio carissimo Cavaliero*, as She loved prettily to call me in *Italian*.

Letter, 20. *Decem.* 1698.

It

It would exceed the Bounds of this intended Tract, to tranſcribe all the raviſhing *Dear* Affectionate Expreſſions, and the moſt Excellent Pious Diſcourſes and Ejaculations which She hath occaſionally uſed in thoſe Letters, in a *Stile* for the moſt part beyond the common Reach and Language of Her Sex; which would delight an unconcerned Reader, but to me they are raviſhing, and the moſt pleaſing Entertainment of my ſorrowful Hours. The Qualifications and Endowments of Her Mind, moſt certainly (without Flattery or Partiality) could not be common in this one thing; for as She Expreſs'd Her ſelf admirably well in Writing, ſo She Read ſo perfectly, readily, and diſtinctly in any Book at firſt ſight, that I am confident in this She exceeded moſt

moſt Women; reading with an Underſtanding and Manly Judgment, with the perfect *Accents*, *Cadencies*, and *Periods* proper. She not only ſpake the *Italian* Language very well (which became Her prettily), wherein we pleaſantly delighted our ſelves ſometimes, I having a little Skill in it my ſelf, but She *Sung* excellently well and skilfully, both *Engliſh* and *Italian* Ayres; for Her Voice was ſtrong, and admirably ſweet; and when She ſung, one might perceive that her very *Soul* ſung, and was tranſported as it were in Heaven: And She would often ſay, *How glorious muſt the Muſick in Heaven be, when we ſhall always be ſinging Hallelujahs, and praiſing God!*

I never ſaw Her angry, diſcompoſed, or out of Humour, but always in a *Serene*, Mild, and

Even

Even *Temper*; and so far from any *Passion*, that the worst word I ever heard drop from Her upon a sudden Accident or Surprize, was always *Oh Sadley!* Nor did I ever hear God's Name taken in vain in Her Mouth, but spoken with Reverence, and upon just occasions: So innocent and harmless was Her *Temper*, and like an Angel of God. But there is nothing will commend Her Judgment more, and Her well-grounded *Piety*, than that She kept the Religion of the Church of *England* Pure and Sound in Her Conscience to Her Dying Day; which I may say was perfect *Judgment*, improved by the *Grace* of God, when I consider She must be *Baptized* and partly Educated in those *Anarchical* Times, which had overthrown *Church* and *State*; but more, that God preserved Her Judg-

Judgment in his True Religion, from amongst a *Superstitious* People Abroad on the one side, and a *Phanatical* Temptation at Home on the other: And blessed be God's Mercy to Her for it.

I cannot conclude this Head, before I take notice of another extraordinary *Grace* and Virtue in Her, which did signalize and evince Her *Piety*: And that was Her patient Resignation to the Will of God, in the great Change of Her *Fortune*, and Her chearful Demeanor under it: Both which undoubtedly, Her great Trust in God's Providence, and Submission that He knew what was best for Her, caused and supported Her Spirits in all Extremities. Thus she writes to me in one Letter; *If God Almighty hath reserved me yet to live and see some happy Days* 26. Octob. 1698.

with

with my Dear, I will then ſing Praiſes to him as long as I live. But let God deal with us as he pleaſeth; I will be thankful and contented in all Conditions whatever. I can be contented with a Morſel of Bread and Water with my good Samaritan, *rather than Rich Delicacies with any other: And in all Eſtates and Conditions I will ſay, Bleſſed be the Name of the Lord; who if he pleaſeth can make our latter End like* Job's; *ſo God's Will be done.* And in another Letter, *I will pray to Almighty God, that all things may be for our Eternal Good hereafter; and that God will give us Patience and Grace to be contented in all Conditions.* Was ever greater Sweetneſs? Was ever a more *Divine Soul*? Who can read this, and not be affected? I am ſure I cannot write it without a Flood of *Tears*. Thus Meek and Contented under the Hand

28 Octob.

of

of God, She had forgot Her former Misfortunes; and now if She did not abound, She did not want; and God had refreſhed Her almoſt fainting Soul in ſome degree, and She had Love, and Eaſe, and Quiet, and what was ſufficient: And I will preſume to ſay, that She was as Chearful and as well-pleaſed in the Laſt Year of Her Life, and a little more (in which I had the Happineſs to know Her) as ever She was in Her whole Life, in Her greateſt Pomp and Glory. But theſe little things being unequal to Her Merit, and to the Infinite Mercies of God now ready to receive Her, he provided better for Her, and tranſlated Her from theſe Tranſitory Enjoyments, to a Kingdom, where She ſhould be filled with Honour and Glory, with Peace and Joy for ever and ever; and where God of his Infi-

nite Mercy bring my Soul at last in Eternal Rest.

Her Charity.

THis is a Divine Grace which Her Soul and Temper, I may say, was naturally adapted to; a Grace which shall not cease (as all others will) but is made perfect, and consummated in Heaven it self. *Faith* is a Noble Grace, by which we take hold of the gracious Promises, and like *Jacob*, as it were, wrestle with God till we obtain the Blessing. And *Hope* is a Grace by which we see those Promises fulfill'd afar off, and patiently expect them, whether they belong to this Life or a better. 1 Cor. 13. But St. *Paul* affirms, the greatest of all is *Charity*; and all other Graces

Graces and Excellencies without *Charity*, ſhall ſignify nothing. *Faith* ſhall be ſwallowed up in Viſion, and *Hope* in Fruition; but *Charity* and Love ſhall be the Eternal Work of the Bleſſed Angels and Saints in Heaven. Now *Charity* conſiſts in the ſincere Love of *God*, and of our *Neighbour* for his ſake.

In both theſe reſpects this Grace did ſhine eminently in this Bleſſed Saint, The *Moſt Excellent* MARIA; Her Delight was to ſerve and love God, as Her ſelf profeſſed: And Her aſſiduous and daily Exerciſes in the Offices of Devotion and Piety (as hath been noted before) are an evincing Teſtimony, That She loved God with all Her Heart, with all Her Soul, with all Her Mind, and with all Her Strength; as alſo will be further proved by many Inſtances of Her

Piety, which ſhall be declared in the Sequel of this Diſcourſe. But great alſo and unbounded was Her *Charity* to Her *Neighbour*, which She rightly underſtood (according to the Parable of the good *Samaritan*) to be all Mankind, if She ſaw them in Neceſſity. And thus She extended it in *Giving* and *Forgiving*. She gave any *Alms* or *Charity*, as occaſion offered, with the greateſt Delight and Content of Mind in the World, according to Her Ability; and would ſay, *She hoped God would accept Her Mite*; but She grieved that She could do no more. And what Good She could not do by actual *Giving*, ſhe ſupplied by Her *Prayers* for any body in Diſtreſs, by Her *Counſel*, *Comfort*, and *Encouragement* to them to truſt in God, to look up to him, who would relieve all their Neceſſities that depended

pended upon him. But very Exemplar was Her tender *Compassion*, and the *Charity* of Her Soul, when She heard the Relations of the terrible Persecutions of the Poor Protestants in *France*; what they endured not only in Loss of Estates, and all they had, but being exposed to most cruel Deaths and Torments; She could not refrain *Sighs* and *Tears*; and She would pray to God to deliver them, or give them Grace and Strength to bear his Pleasure, and to glorify him by their Sufferings. And on this occasion She reflected in what danger She had been of being perverted in Her Religion, when She lived in a Popish Superstitious Country, to which She said She had great Temptations offered Her, tho in Her own Judgment She was never inclined to it: But She blessed God, who had pre-

ſerved Her by his Grace, and by his Providence protected her; and now She was confirmed more and more, and ſaw God's Mercy to Her, that would not only ſecure Her in the true Faith, but alſo bring Her in Peace, and Honour, and Safety, to dye in Her own Country, and in the Boſom of that *Church* of which She profeſſed Her ſelf a Member, and She believed the moſt *Orthodox* and Beſt upon Earth.

Her Charity in *Forgiving* was conſummate even almoſt to a *Fault*; and this demonſtrated many ways, whether it reſpected Her worſt *Enemies*, or Her *Falſe Friends*. She did not ſuffer Her Enemies Sins againſt God and Her to extinguiſh Her *Charity* to their *Souls*; and Her greateſt Revenge was, that they might feel the bit-

ter

ter Pains of Repentance, and obtain the Mercy of God; tho She had reason to pray to be delivered out of the Hands, and from the Acquaintance of all Traiterous and Wicked *Villains*. And without Her seeking, and since She hath passed out of the Reach of Hell and Wicked Men, I have seen the most Just God bringing the deserved Judgments upon the Heads of *some*, who have much to answer for upon Her Account, and avenging Her Wrongs even now She is in Glory: Nor do I doubt but the Justice of God (to whom alone *Vengeance* belongs) will pursue them, without a bitter and severe Repentance. As to Her *False Friends* (of which kind there is none living but finds too many) her Goodness and Charitable Disposition was so great, that tho their Falsity and Unkindness was

too palpable, yet she would always extenuate their Faults, or find Excuses for them, or put the most favourable Construction and Interpretation upon them. But as to some that injured Her sorely, and whose *Unnatural* Unkindness went very near to the breaking of Her Heart, and driving Her to Despondency; yet such was the Bowels of Her tender Affection for them, and Her *Charity* for all their Actions, that She never said worse of them, than that they were *mis-informed by some ill People*; or a mistaken *Passion* governed them, and when they had considered better, they would correct their Judgments, and make amends for their *Errors*: And She could not endure to hear any body else put a harsher and more severe Reflection upon them, and endeavour to persuade Her that it

was

was all out of Ill Will; and that they had no Love or Kindneſs for Her. But after all, She would reſolve Her ſelf into this Patience and Acquieſcence, That *God would let them ſee their Error, and he could turn their Hearts when he pleaſed.* Such was the ſupreme Charity, Goodneſs, and Benignity of this *Dear Saint*, toward the Souls and Perſons of all that either injured Her, or had but a cold Kindneſs for Her, or a diſſembled Friendſhip, that She reſted ſatisfied in Her own Heavenly Diſpoſition to do all the Good She could: *She bore all things, believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things*: An Heroick and Divine Quality, which as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, Οὐκ ἐπαινοῦμεν ἀλλὰ μακαρίζομεν. *We do not praiſe, but pronounce Bleſſed.* And I do not fear to entitle Her to that Beatitude which our Bleſſed Savi-

1 Cor. 13. 7.

our

our hath declared, *Blessed are the Merciful, for they shall obtain Mercy.*

Her Gratitude.

I Come now to treat of a *Virtue* indeed, but where is it to be found? That to be *Grateful* is a just and fitting thing, is acknowledged by all; it is the Band of Society, the Cement of Friendship, and indeed so essential a Duty of Human Nature, that there is no living without it, at least comfortably, but Man is to Man a Wolf, a Snare, a Devourer. It is prais'd by all, pretended to by all, but practis'd by very very few. The Opposite Vice *Ingratitude*, is too frequent in the World; and I believe there is no Person living but can complain that they have

have met with it in their Converſation and Acquaintance; that they have been repaid in this Coin for all their Benefits and Courteſies. So that if doing Good did not carry a Reward with it ſelf, the *Pleaſure* of doing ſo, and the Comfort of a good *Conſcience* for having done ſo; and that there were not a Juſt God in Heaven, that will reward there, what the Iniquity of Men hath neglected or ungratefully refus'd to do here, good and generouſly diſpoſed Spirits would be diſcouraged from doing ſo excellent a Work, and from relieving the *Neceſſities* of ſome, and advancing the *Fortunes* of others; wherein a Man not only comes in his degree to equal the Character of a *Prince*, but even near to the Omnipotent *Divine Goodneſs*, that heaps up his Benefits and Favours daily upon us, ſinful and ungrateful Creatures. The

The Luſtre and Beauty of *Gratitude* is beſt ſet off, by deſcribing a little the Uglineſs and Deformity of the contrary Quality, *Ingratitude*. That univerſally-Learned Man *Cardan* ſaith, *Ingratus perfido deterior*; that an Ungrateful Man is worſe than a Perfidious Man. And indeed I do not wonder at him; for ſurely an Ungrateful Man is in his own Nature the moſt Perfidious Creature in the World; and therefore worſe, becauſe of the Obligations of Benefits lying upon him. He is a Monſter not fit to be thought endowed with a rational Soul; worſe than the Brute Beaſts and poor dumb Creatures, who in their ſeveral kinds have ways of expreſſing their *Gratitude* for the kindneſs they receive from Man, their Superior *Lord*. Nay, an Ungrateful Perſon is only

De Util. ex adv. cap.

ly like to the *Devil* himself, whose first Sin was *Ingratitude* toward his Maker, who had made him a glorious Angel; which proceeded from his *Pride*, that he thought he would be like unto the Almighty. I think an Ungrateful Man, of all Debauchees or Vicious Persons in the World, ought to be most abhorred, most avoided; for he is Traytor, and Dissembler, and Flatterer, and Reviler, and all the Villanies of Mankind complicated together in one Person; and if he dye in that Temper, will undoubtedly receive that by which our Saviour *emphatically* expresseth the extremest Punishments that can be, his Portion with *Hypocrites*.

Yet I am not ignorant that these sort of Men do not want Pretences to shift themselves off from the Imputation of this Black Crime

of

of *Ingratitude. You discontinued and ceased your Favours and Benefits, and there ended all Obligation.* Or, *You told me of them, and that spoil'd the Benefit.* Or, *I requited it with Thanks, and Publick Testimonies:* Or *with well-intended Designs of serving you again, and so we are equal, and the Obligations mutual at least.* These and such-like Retortions serve an *Ungrateful Spirit* to shelter himself under, and to wipe his Mouth with as much Impudence as the Whore in the *Proverbs.* But it is a sign of a disingenous unthankful Nature, that had from the beginning nothing but *Hypocrisy,* Self-Interest, and Designs in it. For a truly *Grateful Soul* is so far from diminishing or lessening Obligations and Benefits in *Specie,* that they will always enhance the Value of them; and with the Circumstances of Season, Relief, and

Kind-

Kindneſs, always proclaim them never to be repaid or compenſated in *quality*, though perhaps they may in *quantity*: For it is certain that real and obliging *Benefits* ought to be all ones Life-time a paying, and are not cancelled by a ſingle ſlender opportunity of Retaliation. And this the Ingenuous *Grateful* Man doth not only do, but takes an unſpeakable Satisfaction in doing, and thinks it his greateſt Honour and Glory.

The ſacred Name of *Friendſhip* is too often abuſed and pretended, to cover the moſt *Ungrateful* Actions, and deſigned Treacheries: I could inſtance in no leſs than *Three Perſons*, to ſhew how rare the Examples of a True and Perfect *Friendſhip* are: For though I did run a Courſe of Thirty Years with them all, were all Men of

Parts

Parts and Learning, had voluntary and avowed Profeſſions of *Friendſhip* from them all (and One of them by Relation, Station, and Quality, more apt and fitted to have cemented and improved into the Nobleſt Meaſures and Endearments of *Friendſhip*) yet Time ſhewed that it was all Diſſimulation and *Intereſt*, or ſomething worſe; and I not only found Opportunities of Obliging me not embraced, but my ſelf *deſerted* in ſeveral occaſions of Advantage. Inſomuch that I may cry out of *Friendſhip*, with *Cato*, *Te colui Virtus ut Rem, ſed Nomen inane es: I have honour'd thee as a real Thing, but I find thou art an empty Name.* So rare is it to find a True and Perfect *Friend.* But it having pleaſed God to bleſs me to outlive them all, I forbear taking any further notice of their *Vulponing* Craft,

Craft, which was visible enough, and wish all their *Faults* may be Forgotten and Buried with them.

And as to *Gratitude*, which I might pretend to lay claim to, or expect, where perhaps I have sometimes been on the *Obliging* Side, I have met with in the World perhaps the worst *Returns* that any man could do in this kind; and yet I am contented, *Ipsa sui præmium Virtus sibi*: Virtue is its own Reward to it self; and there is another *World* to expect both for me and them. Let them answer it to their own *Consciences* if they can, whom I have *Relieved*, whom I have *Cloathed*, whom I have *Fed*; whose *Debts* I have paid, whose *Fortunes* I have advanced to the prejudice of my *Own*: And I have had those Expressions of *Thankfulness* and *Duty*, of *Obligation* and *Sen. Trag.*

Service; and *Protestations* of the greatest Brand of *Infamy* in the World upon them, if ever they should prove *Ungrateful*, in a Hundred *Letters*, as I fear will one day rise in *Judgment* against them to their Confusion. Yet all of these have proved the Shame of the highest and basest *Ingratitude*, and given themselves the *Lye*. Some of them have made such *rude* and ungenerous Returns, as could become none but the most *Profligate* Creatures, and a *Sordid* Education; which aggravated their abominable *Ingratitude*: And done things, than which they should in *Justice* sooner have offered Violence to their own *Fathers*, to whom perhaps they were less obliged. When that Impudent *Wretch* of a Woman (too near of *Blood* to me by her good *Mother*) hath complained to me with *Tears* of

the

the Hardneſs of her own *Father*, that denied her *Half a Crown* to buy her a Pair of *Shooes*, beſides her other Wants, and I have preſently Relieved her with a *Guinea* inſtead of that *Half Crown*; and ſo many times after: But above all, when ſhe was to be diſpoſed in *Marriage* to a Soldier of *Fortune*, (a Secret *Match* between themſelves) let her ask her own Conſcience who then *Cloathed* her with Variety of Garments from Top to Toe: Who Graced her with the *Expence* of her *Wedding*: And who gave her a Purſe of *Guineas* beſides: And then let her Bluſh if ſhe can, and pray that her black *Ingratitude* be not viſited upon *Her* and *Her's*. Another Ungrateful *Fellow*, a Shame to *Learning* and to his *Function*, after many Obligations of *Relief* and *Bounty*, wipes off all Scores, and crowds in an

I.B. *of* Em. *Coll.* Camb. *Hiſt.* Ed. 3. *Pag.* 827. *Printed* 1688.

Impudent Lye (reflecting upon my *Family*) into a Hiſtory he *Printed*, for which he can make no Satisfaction; but by an Aggravation from his *Profeſſion*, verifies what *Cardan* ſaid, not more ſmartly than truly, *Quid ſanctius Religione? Quid iniquius perdito Sacerdote? What more Sacred than Religion? What more wicked than a Profligate Prieſt?* But *One* above all (whom I *pity*, and for whom I have moſt cauſe to grieve) after my enduring all things to *Relieve* them from the Injuries of *Oppreſſion*, and the Vexations of *Law* for many Years continuance, and their Ends being ſerved, ungratefully breaks down all the *Fences* which the Laws of God and Man had made, cancels the moſt Sacred *Vows*, and by a violent wilful *Abdication* lays the Incloſure open, and leaves the *Throne* vacant.

Card. Com. in Ptol. lib. 1.

These

These are my *Returns* for my good *Deeds*, the *Gratitude* which for the most part I have found in the World. But I am far from reciting any good Action or *Bounty* of mine, in a *Pharisaical* way; as boasting in any thing that I have done. I renounce all Value or *Merit* in my self (as in the sight of God upon that Account: If God made me the *Instrument* in any of those Occasions for *Good*, though I am never so ill requited, yet to him be the Glory, I confess my self unworthy, and less than the least of God's Mercies. Nor have I intimated such things to upbraid any of the designed *Persons*; if I had had a Civil *Grateful* Return, I could have wish'd them much more, and perhaps might have lived to have doubled them. But meeting such foul *Ingratitude*,

I may be allowed to take notice of it, for the *Vindication* of my own Name hereafter; for those that will be *Ungrateful*, will not stick to *Calumniate* and deny: And I pray God forgive them, for sure they know not what they do.

But behold! here my *Repose* and Comfort, the Joy of my *Soul*, the abundant *Reward* and Recompence of all that ever proceeded *good* from me. Behold here the truly *Grateful*, the *Most Excellent* MARIA, sent by Heaven to reward my *Actions*, and to comfort my Soul. This lost *Virtue* in the World was found in Her; She was the Patern of Noble and Generous *Gratitude*, as well as True *Piety*. She weighed every Kindness, every little Service done to Her, in the right Scale of *Gratitude*, that is, She over-valued (if

it

it might be) every thing; for ſo does a perfect *Grateful* Heart, and is never ſatisfied with being *thankful*; as to ſuch an *Object* a Generous Spirit is never ſatisfied with *obliging*, but there is an Eternal Conteſt and *Emulation* between them. It could not be from the Weight of any Affection or *Services* that I could render Her, that made Her Soul ſo Heavenly *Grateful*, but it muſt be from a Divine Principle and *Flame* in Her, which magnified *Small* Benefits, and ſo made Her truly worthy of *Greater*. Whether I was a weak *Inſtrument* in God's Hand of comforting Her *Spirits*, or adminiſtring to Her *Neceſſities*, I know not; but if I were ſo (in the leaſt meaſure) I bleſs God for it; She *ſaid it*, and *thought ſo*, and that's enough. This I am ſure of, and bewail it too, that it was not in my Power

to oblige Her in the least degree suitable to Her Superlative *Merit*, and if I had been Master of a *Kingdom* in this World, it should have been laid at Her *Feet*; and Her *Acceptance* would have been Reward and Honour. But Her Incomparable *Goodness* and *Virtues* could be only sufficiently rewarded in Heaven.

However, I shall endeavour to shew in some few Instances, how this bright shining Virtue of *Gratitude* (amongst many others) flamed in Her Noble *Soul*, and then let the malicious World censure as they please, but this alone shall Perfume Her *Dear Memory* to all Posterity. True and Heroick *Gratitude* is of such a Nature, and so near a-kin to Heaven, that it is never found but accompanied with other *Graces*, and chiefly *Humility*,

lity; *Modesty*, and true *Piety*: And so on the contrary, I never saw *Ingratitude*, but it was usher'd in with *Pride*, *Impudence*, and *Clamour*. But Her Piety made Her *Just*, and Her Humble Opinion of Her self made Her *Grateful*, even where there could be no Pretence of Merit, or Obligation of Services. An unwilling Fault in the undeserving *Agents*, not in Her. But as to me, Her *Goodness* created a *Merit* where She did not find it; and I boast it from Her *Dear* Expressions and Acknowledgments, not from my self.

When I had the Happiness to be first acquainted with Her, and had avowed my Esteem and *Honour* for Her, She used to say, That I *had brought Her out of the House of Bondage, for I had delivered Her, and set Her in a Condition*

of

of Freedom (She ſaid) *when She was almoſt made a perfect Slave.* She always called me Her *Good Samaritan*, even with Tears in Her Eyes, for She ſaid *She had been like the Traveller in the Goſpel, that fell among Thieves, who robb'd him, and ſtripp'd him, and wounded him, and ſeveral came by, and look'd upon him, and paſs'd away: So ſeveral of Her Friends* (She ſaid) *and Her Neareſt Relations ſaw Her Misfortunes and Diſtreſs, but paſſed away, and regarded it not, till God brought me, who* (She ſaid) *with a Noble Compaſſion look'd upon Her Affliction, poured Oyl into Her Wounds, took Her up, and comforted Her, and brought Her to my own Home: So that She muſt always look upon me as the Good* Samaritan *that God had ſent to Her, for Her Soul was refreſh'd.* What Cauſe She had of theſe *Complaints*, She beſt knew; but

but I am ſure the Application was not leſs *Pious*, than it was Ingenious and *Grateful*: And I hope by God's *Providence* ſome were diſappointed of that *Thraldom* and Meanneſs, which out of *Covetouſneſs*, as well as want of *Affection*, they thought to have brought Her to. She hath often acknowledged that She was at the very Brink of *Deſpair*, before She knew me, and She knew not to what it would have pleaſed God to have let Her fall; but *He had ſeaſonably and mercifully ſupported Her by my Generous and Kind Favour.* Her Humility and Goodneſs was ſuch, that She once ſaid to me, *I am not worthy to be your Lady, make me as one of your hired Servants.* Oh the Depth of the *Piety* and Goodneſs of a *Grateful* Soul! Oh the Riches of a Virtuous and *Loving* Heart!

I ne-

I never Dined with Her privately, but when I had given *Thanks* after Meat, She would lift up Her Eyes to Heaven, and add, *I thank God and my Dear*; and if there were Company, yet She seldom failed to come to me; and lifting up Her Eyes, She knew I understood what She meant, with a short *Ejaculation* in Her Heart. Her Letters flow with Transports of *Gratitude* and Affection. In

29. Apr. 1698. One She thus writes, *I am sorry I have not the Riches of the* Indies, *with a Thousand Hearts, to give Thee in return: How shall I ever be Grateful enough to My Dear Love? Oh that God would raise me Friends, and turn the Hearts of my Relations and Others to do me* Justice, *that so there may be some part of Requital: But Oh, My Dearest, I can never be able to give thee what I desire, or your Generosity merits.*

merits. In the next, *But Oh, my Deareſt Love, I am unworthy of Thee, and of thy tender Affection: Help me, help me, O God, to merit it more. Providence, who brought Us together, can Order it, or elſe I muſt ſtill confeſs my ſelf unworthy of thy tender Affection: But I will endeavour, My Dear, to deſerve it; my Gratitude ſhall never be wanting. Thy Charity (My Deareſt* Dering*) will be Rewarded in Heaven, and on Earth my beſt Study and Endeavours ſhall not be wanting to do it. Oh that I had the Riches of the* Indies *for thy dear ſake, I ſhould think thee, My Dear Soul, more Worthy than the Beſt of Kings or Princes.* Again in another, *Thou art my Good* Samaritan, *and ſhalt be my Guardian-Angel to conduct me in all Goodneſs: God grant me able to ſhew my Gratitude according to my Heart's deſire, which at preſent I am at a Loſs to do: But* 22. April. 9. May.

my

my Deareſt, I know, will pardon his Maria *in that and other things beyond her preſent Capacity; God Almighty hath given me a Grateful Heart, and He will give me Ability. Thy Care of what I wanted, and kind Expreſſions are moſt Endearing; God enable me to deſerve it; It ſhall be my continual Study, next to my Devotion.* It were Endleſs to quote all Her *Grateful* Expreſſions and Acknowledgments; but this is more than ſufficient to make appear, that She had an Angelical *Soul*, and was as much Miſtreſs of the Noble Quality of *Gratitude*, as She was of all Other Accompliſh'd Endowments: And I think I have made good Her *Character* in this *Virtue*, in deſpight of all *Envy*, Malice, or Contradiction.

Her

Her Conjugal Affection.

BUT now I am launching forth into an *Ocean* which hath no depth, which cannot be *fathom'd*; and he that would deſcribe the Tenth part of Her *Conjugal* Affection, had need have the Pen of an *Angel*; for ſure I am, it ſurpaſſeth all *Human* to expreſs or decipher. It was Her conſtant *Profeſſion* that She would Out-do all Her *Sex*, in all the Endearments and *Duties* of a Virtuous *Wife*; and She perform'd it Effectually: For I believe ſcarce any ever *Equall'd* Her, I am ſure never *Excell'd* Her. Her other Excellencies and *Graces* contributed much to this; for She was of a moſt

moſt *Meek* Temper, of a *ſweet* and *tender* Diſpoſition, and then by Nature adapted to ſo *Seraphick* and Noble *Love*, that She *would not*, She *could not* be outdone, when once She placed it upon an *Object* that knew how to meet it with *reciprocal* Flames; and then it was like *Veſta*'s Fire, *Pure*, Holy and Eternal. She gave Proofs of this for many Years before: But if ever She *outdid* Her ſelf in the Tranſports of a *Pathetical* Love, and in all the Meaſures of an Endearing *Conjugal* Relation, mixed with a Noble *Friendſhip*, I am Proud to ſay it was now: And I preſume to affirm, not for my Vindication or *Merit*, but for Her *Excuſe* and *Honour* too, That She met now the greateſt *Trial* in Her Life; for I (by a ſecret Inſtinct or *Providence*) proſecuting Her with the moſt tender *Affection*

and

and *Honour* that ever Heart was Capable of; ſet two *ſympathizing* Souls upon ſuch a *Rivalſhip*, to Exceed each other in Ardour, *Generoſity*, and Faithfulneſs of *Love*, that it made us mix Our very *Souls* in a conſtant *reciprocal* Exchanging of all the *Nobleſt Meaſures* of Tender *Love* and Vowed Affections: And this, I am ſure, would have laſted without any abatement to Our *Lives* End, and got *Strength* (if poſſible) by *time* too, if it had pleaſed God to have prolong'd Our *Joint Lives* for very many years longer.

But if ever *Exceſs* in an *Honourable*, Dear and Virtuous *Love*, might be Offenſive to Almighty God, I am afraid *Ours* was. So Tranſcendently had We placed Our whole *Joys*, *Delight* and Satisfaction in *Each Other*, that We

ſought no other, deſired no other *Happineſs*, than the *Extaſies* of Joy and Comfort We found in Our *Mutual* Society and *Converſation*. This We thought an *Angel's* Life, and were Prone not to deſire (at leaſt yet) any Other *Heaven*. But whatever pleaſeth *too much*, is never long *laſting*; and I was not *Worthy* of ſo great a *Treaſure* of *Love* and *Goodneſs*, nor ſo great a *Bliſs*. But above all, the *Divine Jealouſy* would not permit Us to place Our *whole Delights* and Settlement here upon *Things below*; Which ought to be directed chiefly to *Him*: And therefore We muſt be *Parted*: This bitter *Cup* muſt be drank, which he ſees is for Our *Better* and more *Eternal Good*.

If ever there were a *Heaven* upon *Earth*, I think it was in the *Life* We

We then led; Our Hearts and *Souls* united; Our united *Prayers* and *Devotions* to *Bleſs* Us long together, and to *add* to Us what elſe God in His Wiſdom thought fit. We had agreeable *Deſires*, the ſame *Wiſhes*, the ſame *Loves*, the ſame *Friends* and *Friendſhip*, and Tranſports of *Joy* and *Delight*, at meeting One another, which was *often*, becauſe of the Neceſſity of Our *Circumſtances*, which often *parted* Us. And yet in thoſe ſhort *Separations*, We ſcarce failed a Day of *Writing* to One another, that ſo thoſe that were never *parted* in their *Souls*, and *Thoughts*, and *Minds*, ſhould this Way talk and *converſe* together when they were not *perſonally* Preſent. In Her *Letters* She writ with that *Fervour* and Paſſion of *Mind*, that One might ſee She wrote what Her very *Soul* indited; and the *Ardour* of

Her *Love* furniſhed Her with Expreſſions ſuitable. Such ſhould all *Conjugal Love* be; but, alas! it is in moſt but *Political*; and 'tis well if there be but a *Civil* and well *diſſembled* Agreement and *Converſe* between them; but in many 'tis nothing but *Noiſe* and Clamour, Infidelity and *Hypocriſy*, Diſquiet and *Ruin*; their *Bed*, which ſhould be their Repoſe, is the uneaſieſt thing to them in the World, *Lites alternáque jurgia---- minimùm dormitur in illo*: *There's but little Sleep there.* But the *Moſt Excellent* MARIA was an *Angel* it Self in theſe *Offices* and Endearments; She Out-did all Her *Sex*, and at this time even *Her Self* too, for the *Relatives* and the *Correlatives* were fitted for it; And I uſing to ſay, *She ſhould not Out-do me*; Both Our *Souls* ſo ſuſceptible of *Generous* Flames, ſtrove in a Noble *Emulation* of Love and

Juven. Sat. 6.

and Honour, how to *Oblige*, how to *Endear*, how to *Serve* Each Other moſt.

I remember that Learned Nobleman *Johannes Picus*, Earl of *Mirandula*, amongſt his Twelve *Conditions* of a perfect true *Lover*, hath this for One, *Optare etiam pro eo pati aliquod incommodum, & dulce eſſe illud incommodum. To wiſh even to ſuffer for the beloved Object ſome inconvenience, and to think that inconvenience ſweet.* This is the Nature of a perfect *Love* and *Friendſhip*, that it longs and joys to give proofs of its *Ardency* and Sincerity, even by undergoing any Inconveniencies for the *dear Object*'s ſake: And ſuch was the Mutual *Sympathy* and Tranſcendent Paſſions of Our *Souls*, that I am ſure We could have *ſuffered* any thing, and even have *died* for Each other, if occaſion were.

Her *Faith* and Fidelity, Her Sweet *Temper*, and Endearing *Language*; Her Diſcreet and *Kind Behaviour*, ſurpaſſed all the *Race* of Womankind; And if Her Power and *Capacity* had been ſuitable to Her Dear *Love* and Her Bounteous *Heart*, She would in Her Actions alſo have Exceeded all *Hiſtory*, and (as Her own Words were) even *Romances* too. She was the *Wife* whoſe Price was far above *Rubies*, that *Solomon* deſcribes in the laſt Chapter of the *Proverbs*, *Her Husband's heart did ſafely truſt in Her; She did him Good, and not Evil, all the days of Her Life; She opened Her Mouth with Wiſdom, and in Her Tongue was always the Law of Kindneſs: Many Women have done Vertuouſly, but She Excelled them all.*

31. Prov. *v.* 10, 11, 12, 26, 29.

And

And now to make all this *good*, and prove that She deſerved more *Honour* and dear *Affection* than my *Pen* or *Tongue* can Expreſs, or I was capable to render Her, I will tranſcribe ſome of thoſe many *dear* Expreſſions which I have received from Her; in which I gratify my own *Delight* and Contemplation, not knowing whether ever theſe *Papers* will come to the ſight of any Other; Or (if they do) caring what *Cenſure* they paſs upon them; tho' nothing but *Malice* it ſelf can doubt, but that Her *Heart* went along with Her *Pen* and *Tongue*. In Her *Letter* therefore of the 28th of *April* 1698, She is pleaſed thus to Expreſs Her Self: *Thou haſt the moſt Virtuous Heart and Wife in the World; and Thou ſhalt be Happy, if Virtue, Love, Reſpect, and an honourable Chaſt Wife* 28. April 1698.

can make thee ſo: I will Outdo all my Sex that have been before me. I give thee, My Dear, the Aſſurance of my Virtue and Innocence, as I hope and expect that the Bleſſed Sacrament which I lately received, ſhall turn to the Salvation of my Soul. I give Thee that Love, Honour, Duty, and Obedience, as never Woman gave to a Huſ-

5. May. *band before.* In a Second, *I aſſure my Deareſt, I will as you deſire, baniſh all Company or Acquaintance, but what my Love thinks fit, in all Obedience to thy Commands; and I hope Thou wilt give Credit to thy Own* Maria *in this aſſurance.* My Dear, *There is not a thing in the World that thou canſt deſire, but what I will comply with. Have no thoughts that I will do any thing out of thy dear Sight, but what an Angel in Heaven would do; I know God ſees all Our Actions, tho' never ſo ſecret. Be, my* Deareſt Soul, *ſatiſfied in my Love and Fidelity in the*

Fear

Fear of God. My Heart is right toward all things that tend to love thee, and to Heaven; do not believe me to be an Hypocrite: I wish my Body were transparent, then thou shouldst not see thy own Image only, but all thy desires to the End of the World. Oh! Heavenly Goodness. But see a Third; *I assure my Love,* 9. May. *thou hast the most faithful Heart, that carries with it all the Endearments of Love, Duty, and Affection, Honour, Chastity and Obedience for Thee, as Ever was, hath, or shall hereafter be given to Man in Reality or* Romances. *I will, I can outdo them all; God will give me ability and knowledge to outvie all Women in shewing my Love and Duty to my Dearest Husband: And I will not change my Condition with any One Living for Crowns and Scepters, to quit my* Dear Dering; *Thou art my Joy, my Soul, my Honour and Delight;*

light; in which I will Glory. Thou haſt Enthroned me in thy Heart and Affection, and there ſhall be my Reſt for Ever in this World: And none ſhall Rival thee in me but Death, and Death it ſelf ſhall be Baffled in it too. Thou ſhalt not be Unhappy in Surviving Me, for if I dye, I will quickly riſe out of my Grave to fetch Thee in my Embraces: Thy Maria *will be with Thee, Dead and Living; The Souls and Bodies muſt not, ought not to be parted, for why ſhould my* Dear Edoardo *and his* Maria *be parted? Thou ſhalt not be alone to Mourn, therefore I'le fetch my* Dear *to Me, for no One will be left Worthy My* Dear Dering, *no One will or can love Thee, as thy* Maria *will in Life and Death. And I ſhould Envy the Angels happineſs to take Thee from Me, but would Beg thy Reprieve till I went with Thee.* Oh! my Dear! My Excellent *MARIA*,

Who

Who can read theſe things without *Tears*? Why do I ſtay *behind* Thee? But to purſue the Melancholy *Scene*, ſee yet a *Fourth Letter* no leſs raviſhing. *I cannot* 11. May. *omit One Moment, from paying my Duty to my* Deareſt Endearing Dear Deringo, mio caro Spoſo è Marito, *in whom next to God Almighty my Soul takes Delight; in Thee is my Crown and Glory and Hearts Joy; Oh that I could be for ever in thy Sight, and that Thy* Maria *had been Thine and only Thine, as I now am for ever, and Her* Edoardo *no Others but His* Maria's. *Oh! that the Almighty would ſhowre down His Bleſſings upon me, and make me deſerving of my Dear* Edoardo's *Love and Affection. Thou art that Bleſſed Angel ſent from Heaven to redeem Thy Poor* Maria *out of Bondage. Thou haſt brought me into Paradiſe; God grant my*

Heart

Heart Capable to return Thanks ſufficient. Thy dear Letter yeſterday I treaſure up in my Heart, with every kind and Precious Word therein, as the Earneſt and Comfort of our future Happineſs: And I pray God make my Love every day more and more ſuitable to that Dear and Fervent Paſſion of Thine; and I will make it my Study to deſerve it more, and to merit what Love and Affection my Deareſt Joy hath ſhewed to his Maria *already.* It is a *Pleaſure* thus to extract Her dear *Pathetical* Expreſſions, that I may have them *compiled* together, that lye ſcattered in Her *beloved Letters*; which I do for my own *Delight* and *Contemplation*, without the leaſt Aim or *Vanity* (at this time) of ever having them ſeen by any Other. And therefore I cannot forbear Her *dear* and *tender* Expreſſions in a *Fifth*, as follows.

I am

I am Sleepy and know not what is the matter with me, neither am I as I uſe to be; ſometimes a little Ill, but can ſcarce tell what ails me; I ſometimes think it is with loving my Dear Soul ſo well; tho' do not think I am able to love Thee a quarter ſo much as I deſire, or as my Dear merits. But I love my Deareſt Edoardo *far beyond what I ever loved before; and yet I think I loved* One *as well as any Woman ever loved a Husband. I repoſe but very indifferent when I part with my Dear; Thou haſt my Heart and Soul with Thee, therefore how can I repoſe well? tho' I believe I have Thine in Exchange. The divertiſement with what I love is ſo pleaſing, that it keeps me from Sleeping naturally, and it becomes Artificial; I am often ſleepy but not aſleep. I rejoice* My Deareſt, *and glory in the Honour Thou do'ſt Thy* Maria, *that Thou art Mine, and wilt be for Ever Mine;* 27. May.

Mine; that neither Prosperity nor Adversity shall ever alter Thee. The same, My dearest Joy, *do I assure Thee of, and that in all Circumstances whatever, I will be for Ever Thy most constant and faithful Wife; and nothing can or shall diminish the least of my Affection, and we will triumph even over Adversity it self, and all the World. I am Happy that Thou lovest me, but Thou canst not love me more than my Heart and Soul desires or can wish, for it's not more than Thy* Maria *does for Her dear* Edoardo, *which I will pray may surpass all that Ever was between a dearly Loving Husband and a most intirely Beloved Wife.*

This is a *Treasure* of *Love*, which I believe few men in the World can shew from the *dearest* Partners of their *Bosoms*; and accompanied not only with a *fervent*

vent faithful *Paſſion*, but with that *Ingenuity* and *Elegancy* of Expreſſion as is not Common to that *Sex*, and ſhew'd a Maſculine *Judgment* and Spirit in Her. Yet I cannot Cloſe theſe *Periods*, without *delighting* my ſelf once more in reciting Her moſt raviſhing and *Endearing* Words, poured forth in a *Sixth Letter*, with which I will ſatisfie my ſelf. Thus then Her tranſported *Soul* expreſſeth Her ſelf. *I am Happy that my Dear and moſt* Sweet Edoardo *can be pleaſed with what his* Maria *writes*: *I do confeſs*, my Love, my only Deareſt Soul, *that thy* Maria *is no more Worthy of Her* Dear Edoardo, *than She is Capable of acknowledging or Expreſſing the tender Love and Affection She hath, and ever will bear to Him. Thou doſt Love and Adore Thy* Maria, *more than any did know how to do before; and Thy* Maria 10. June.

doth

doth love, honour, and will cheriſh and be a Comfort to Her Deareſt Edoardo, *more then ever ſhe loved any before, or ever any other Woman hath, or ever hereafter ſhall have for Man again. And I do and ever will Eſteem my* Dear Deringo's *Love beyond all the Gold of* Ophir, *above all the Pearl and Jewels in the* Indies, *and in fine, above all the World. Thy* Maria's *Love is not Changeable or Flying, as other Womens Love is, but laſting and firm as a* Rock, *no Storms or Adverſity can ſhake, much leſs alter or change it. All things under the Sun may change, but Thy* Maria's *Love is for Everlaſting. My* Caro Edoardo *and His* Maria *ſhall be Paterns for all the World, who ſhall confeſs there never was the like before. Others knew not how to value my* Deareſt Deringo, *But God hath given Thy* Maria, *the Grace and Knowledge how to Value Him, which*

I praiſe

I praise God for, and trust in his Blessing for the Continuance and Increase of the same. His Providence hath been Wonderful in bringing us together, and His Blessing will not be wanting to all those that seek and trust in Him. I will therefore give Thanks to God, and next to my Dearest Life of my Soul, for finding Comfort in Thee, my Deareſt Joy, *in the midst of all my Troubles and Adversity. And Thou my* Deareſt Soul, *art always in my Thoughts and Meditations, and in Thee is all my Joy, my Honour, and Satisfaction in this World. Yesterday morning after I had been at Prayers for* my Dear's *and* Brother's *Healths, God Almighty did grant my request that was poured out of an unfeigned Heart, and I heard the good News of my* Brother's *Health and Amendment; And I do believe His and my Prayers were heard and granted for each Other: I*

have the Charity to believe it. Oh! Heavenly *Soul*, *Burning* with all the divine Graces of *Piety*, *Love*, and *Charity*! I challenge the whole World to produce the like *Pattern* of Goodness, and of true *Conjugal* Faith and *Affection*; Few can *Equal* Her inimitable *Vertues*, I am sure none can possibly *Exceed* them. The most *Envious* and the most malicious *Tongue* cannot but confess Her *Excellencies*, and incomparable *Perfections*; and as my Loss in Her is *inconsolable*, so I expect no Joys or *Comfort* in this World, till I come by God's Mercies to those *Mansions* of *Glory*, where Her *Blessed Soul* doth rest in Happiness.

But let me command my *Passion*, in Submission to the *Will* of God; and passing from Her Charming *Letters*, those Fountains of *Love*,

Wit,

Wit, and *Eloquence*, I will recount ſome of the *raviſhing* Methods and *Endearments* of Her moſt *Sweet* Converſation. Whenever I came to Her, one might perceive *Love* and *Joy* in Her very *Eyes* and in Her *Soul*. Then, She would pleaſe to ſay, *She was perfectly Happy*; and would fall into ſo *ſweet* and *cheerful* a Converſation and *Humour*, as ſhewed She was *all Pleaſed*, and ſometimes entertained me with a *Song*, ſometimes with *Ingenious* and Innocent *Diſcourſe*, as made the *Hours* and the *Days* to ſeem but a *Moment*, whilſt I was in Her *Dear* Company. She ſaid, *She had rather live in the meaneſt Condition with me, than with any Other Perſon in the greateſt Splendor*. She had always in Her Mouth all the kindeſt and moſt Endearing *Compellations*, that Her Loving *Heart* could think of; and

ſcarce gave Her ſelf time to *Eat* or *Sleep*, for ſuch *kind* Words as theſe perpetually in Her Mouth, as *My Dear*, *My Love*, *Mio Cuore*, *mia Vita*, and a hundred more, ſometimes in *Italian*, ſometimes *Engliſh*, nay ſometimes She would call me Her *Father*: For She ſaid, God had reſtored in me, Her *Father* and *Mother*, Her *Brother* and all Kindred and *Friends*, that were loſt or had *forſaken* Her, for I was all of them to Her, and what was more (*She ſaid*) than them all, *Her Deareſt Husband*. Which put me in mind of the *Endearing* tender *Careſſes*, which *Homer* makes *Andromache* give to Her Husband *Hector*, almoſt in the ſame Words, when She would diſſuade him from going into the Battel againſt the *Grecians*; and that if He were *ſlain*, She ſhould be carried away *Captive*: She thus addreſſeth him; Ἕκτορ,

Ἕκτορ, ἀτὰρ σὺ μοι ἐσσὶ πατὴρ, καὶ πότνια μήτηρ, Homer Il. ζ.
Ἠδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι δαλερὸς παρακοίτης.

Which may be thus *Engliſhed*,

Hector, *thou my* Father *and my* Mother *art*,
My Brother, Husband, *and my deareſt Heart.*

So *Briſeis* to her *Achilles* in *Ovid*, Ovid. Epiſ.
not leſs paſſionately,

Tot tamen amiſſis, Te compenſavimus unum,
Tu Dominus, Tu Vir, Tu mihi Frater eris.

All my loſt Friends thou muſt ſupply, and be
My Lord, my Spouſe, and Brother *unto me.*

But She was *really* what Others have been *Feigned* for Examples ſake; and Her *dear* and tender *Affection* (as She often *ſaid it ſhould*) exceeded even all *Romance* and *Poetry*.

Nor was Her *Love* a warm *Fit*, for the ſhort time only that I was *bleſſed* with Her, but I am ſure no *Time* or *Age* would ever have altered or diminiſhed the *Fervor* of Her *Affection*; for She would uſually and *pleaſantly* ſay in any company, *That if I were Fourſcore years Old, or Two Hundred (if it was poſſible) and She as She was, yet Her Love ſhould never diminiſh in the leaſt; She would love me with the ſame Dearneſs and Tenderneſs as She did now.* A perfect ſign that Her *Love* was founded in *Virtue* and *Piety*, not in any *Looſe* appetites or deſires.

She had another Singular Virtue, which I take to be One of the greateſt *inſtances* and demonſtrations of a true *Conjugal* Affection; That She loved entirely and *Eſteemed*, all thoſe that She thought loved or *reſpected* me: This She made

made a *Rule* and a *Pleasure* to Her; and I with such She desired the greatest *Friendship* and only *Familiarity*. Upon this *Account*, and this *Sweet Temper* of Her's, some Persons *Related* to me might have found their Happiness, if they had been as *Wise* as She was *Good*, and of a like *sweet Charitable* disposition as She was. For besides that they could not be *honoured* with a better Acquaintance, so if they had designs and *Self-ends* upon my *Affection*, (as it appear'd afterward they had) *Reason* and *Policy* would instruct them, that they could not engage it more than by paying an Affectionate *Honour* and *Respect* to Her, whom they saw I *dearly loved*, and I hope might do so without asking them Leave. But their Indiscretion could not govern it self with any *decorum*, and their *Jealousy* betray'd their *Hypocrisy*. And

they who *craftily* had engrossed all in their greedy Expectation, thought now they were defeated of all by so *dear* and near a *Relation*, as She was become to me; and therefore very *imprudently* as well as wickedly, they secretly *maligned* Her, and were *treacherous* to me. So that, that which they might have used, if they had been *discreet*, to their *Honour* and *Advantage*, they turn'd into *Rudeness*, Disobligement, and *Folly*. And tho' perhaps by their *measuring* of things, they may think they have lost nothing by it, yet they may find the *Contrary*, and however meet with a deserved *Punishment* from Heaven, for an undutiful and *ungrateful* Carriage, which had been so artificially *dissembled* with gross *fawnings* for many years before. My *Deeds* and *Bounties* to them, and their own *Writings* and

Pro-

Protestations of *Duty*, and against *Ingratitude*, will one day rise up in *Judgment* against them, and I pray God it *Entail* not an Unhappiness upon theirs, who are yet Innocent. Though their *Ingratitude* is to be Abhorred, and *Murder* had been almost a smaller Sin than their *Unnatural* and *Undutiful* Usage of Me, yet this *Excellent Soul*, My *Dear* MARIA bore the breaking off of so *False* an Acquaintance, only with amazement at their *Ingratitude*, pitying their *Folly*, and according to Her *Pious* Temper, Praying to God to *forgive* them. I could say more in Just Detestation of such unworthy Actions, but when *Impudence* and *Ingratitude* grow to that height, it may perhaps be forgiven; when I see any Grace of *Repentance* and Acknowledgment; but *Charity* in self cannot find

find out an *Excuſe* for the *Crime*. And therefore I will forbear fouling my *Paper* with their *Character*, and diſhonouring my Self with their *Remembrance*.

But now before I conclude this *Section*, as I have juſtly Celebrated Her incomparable *Conjugal* Affection, and endeavoured to draw the ſhadow of Her Matchleſs *Excellency* in this *Grace*, as well as many Others, though infinitely ſhort of Her *Merit*; ſo in a *Religious* Honour of Her *Goodneſs* and *dear* Affection, and to ſhew that I admire Her *Vertues*, dearly lov'd Her *Perſon*, and underſtood my Own *Happineſs*, let me be Pardoned, if I give a few *inſtances* of the *Paſſionate Love* and tender Regard I had for Her; that though all the *Merit* was on Her ſide, yet I may not be thought inſenſible of

of Her *divine* Perfections, or *ungrateful* for so rich a *Treasure* of *Love*, as I possessed in Her. And first, let the *Grave* and *Wise* censure as they please, either my *advanced Years*, or the *impertinence* of Love, I must acknowledge that I loved Her *Dearly* and *Passionately*, and am not asham'd to say even to a *Fondness*. But withal, I must own, that Her *Person* had not the chief or only Influence over my Better *Faculties*, my *Reason* and my *Soul*. Though Her Outward *Person* was incomparably well *Figured*, Sweet, *Lovely*, and with a Graceful *Mien*, as might Warrant the Passion of a *Prince*, I am sure to me it appeared the *Loveliest* and most *Beautiful* in the World: But the inward *Beauties* of Her *Soul* were yet ten thousand times Greater; Her *Virtue*, *Piety*, *Modesty*, *Ingenuity*, Sweet *Temper* and Dispo-

Diſpoſition, with all other deſirable Endowments of the *Mind*, were a *Treaſure* that might Enrich the Greateſt *Monarch* upon Earth. How much more might I well be *raviſhed* with the addition of Her *dear* and faithful *Love*, which ſurpaſſed any Tongue to Expreſs, and I moſt enjoyed and delighted in by Contemplation! That I *lov'd* Her beyond what I ever *lov'd*, was but *Juſtice* to Her incomparable *Merit* and unparallel'd *Affection*, for I never met that *reciprocal* Paſſion and Tenderneſs in *any One* before; And this hath been wanting towards my *Nature*, in Perſons whoſe Faculties were not *Organiz'd* for *Love* or *Friendſhip*, and without which there can be no *Mutual* Happineſs. But My *Deareſt* MARIA was fram'd for Me, and I for Her. Never Souls kept better *Harmony*, nor Perſons

ſo

ſo ſtrove to *Outvy* Each other in *Tenderneſs* of all Endearments. We ſurpaſs'd and *Conquered* all Others in this Noble *Emulation*, but We could not *Conquer* One another. She *lov'd* moſt, and I *lov'd* moſt, but We were never compleatly Happy, but when We were *together*.

My delight was to be with Her, and when I was not, I was continually Writing to Her, as She to Me: I will not recite any of my Own Expreſſions in my *Letters*, which might be thought too vain, and not fit to be Expoſed. Let it ſuffice that they were the Dictates of my very *Soul* and Heart, and that they obliged and *endeared* Her to whom they were directed, and that was *Reward* and Honour ſufficient. I have *Prayed* with Her at Her requeſt, read the *Pſalms* and

and *Offices* of the day, which I frequently did so *pathetically*, that when some places suited in my thoughts to Her *Condition*, or *Comforts* were pronounced to those that put their *Trust* in God, I could not forbear *Tears*, so tenderly was I affected for Her, and made it Her *Case* in my imagination. But She would desire Her self, to read the next *Psalm*, or the next *Chapter*; which She might well delight in, for indeed She did read as *distinctly* and gracefully as any *Man* could do, I am sure few *Women* can. And on *Sundays* She usually desired me to read a *Sermon* to Her, of Bishop *Taylor's*, which She always listened to with great Attention, and would afterwards Discourse me upon it.

So excellent a *Person* and so *dearly lov'd*, could not but oblige me

me to Love all Her *Relations* and Friends. And indeed, how could I but Love them whom She *lov'd*? and I have ſtill a degree of *Honour* and *Affection* for thoſe nearly *Related* to Her, for *Her dear ſake*, but eſpecially for all ſuch as *lov'd* Her in Her Life-time, and *honour* Her *Memory* ſince Her Death. I could be a real Servant to all ſuch, and am ready to vindicate their *Names* upon all Occaſions: for this is part of my *Duty* to Her, and all the Returns now by which I can acknowledg and requite Her *dear* Affection. In ſhort, I never knew Her *Equal* in all Perfections and Accompliſhments; and had She always Shined in an Orb of *Proſperity*, I do not queſtion but all would have readily acknowledged Her ſo, who now perhaps are apt to *detract* from Her. I could willingly have laid down my

my *Life* to have Preserv'd Her's, and made Her Happy in this World; But She was fitted for a *Better*; and *Death* is Her *Gain* and *Glory*, and We only who knew Her *Worth*, feel the *Smart* of the *Loss*.

Her

Her Sweet Temper and Diſpoſition.

A Sweet Mild *Temper*, and a Sedate *calm* Diſpoſition is a great Happineſs and *Bleſſing* where-ever it is found. I muſt confeſs it is much owing to the *Conſtitution*, and the happy temperament of the *Elements* in our *Compoſition*; for I agree much with that *Apho-riſm* of *Hippocrates*; that *Mores animi ſequuntur temperamentum cor-poris*: The diſpoſition of the *Mind* follows the *temperature* of the Body. But then there is no doubt alſo, but ſuch a happy Conſtitu-tion and *Temper* is much advanced and Cultivated by a Virtuous and Pious *Education*, and more im-proved by *Grace*. It is generally

ſuch Heavenly Diſpoſitions that are fitted for *Sufferings*, and deſigned for *Glory*. For ſuch Perſons being *Crucified* to the World, and having their Affections all above, receive all Indignities and Injuries with that *Meekneſs* and *Patience*, as makes them Worthy and *qualified* to follow the Footſteps of Our Bleſſed *Saviour*, and to deſpiſe the Shame and all Sufferings, for the *Glory* that is ſet before them. Who ever ſaw or ever read of any Man, whom God thought *Worthy* to Glorifie Him by *Suffering*, that bore his Afflictions with *Impatience*, or by giving way to unruly *Paſſions*, loſt the Honour and Reward of a *Victorious* Sufferer? God never chuſeth his *Martyrs* of ſuch *Tempers*; but thoſe whom He calls out to be *Champions* in Suffering, they are *Couragious* and Strong,

but

but they are *Meek* and Humble; and full of *Forgiving*, and reſigned to God's Will.

Of ſuch a Heavenly *Temper* was the *moſt Excellent* MARIA; and ſuch *Graces* ſhined in Her thorough Her whole Life, as though they did not bring Her to be a *Martyr*, yet I am ſure they made Her a *Saint* in Heaven. In the height of Her *Fortune* She was *Courteous* and Obliging; in Her loweſt *Condition* Meek and *Humble*. She Adorned Her *Proſperity*, and She Overcame Her *Adverſity*. In both She ſhewed the Seeds early Sown of a Virtuous *Education*, which in Her riper Years were improved by Wiſdom and *Grace*; which falling into the happieſt *Temper* in the World for *Sweetneſs* and *Goodneſs*, could not but produce thoſe Excellent *Effects* which

were visible thorough all the Conditions and *Changes* of Her Life. But as so *sweet* a Disposition could not be without concomitant *Graces*, so those *Graces* and Virtues in Her were rendered more Illustrious by Her Admirable *Temper* and Sweet Disposition; for such a *Temper* could not be without those *Graces*, and such *Graces* could not Shine without that *Temper*. So many *Graces* go to make up so Sweet a *Temper* and so Heavenly a Disposition, and chiefly *Meekness*, *Mildness*, and *Humility*; All which were Eminent in Her, and besides the *Cardinal* Virtue of Her *Piety* (comprehensive of all *Virtues*) deserve to be Celebrated in distinct *Sections* by themselves, but that I will not divide those *Divine* Qualities which were so inseparable and inherent in Her, and made up together Her *Incompa-*

comparable Frame of Soul and Body.

Therefore I will ſpeak a little of thoſe *Three* Excellencies, under this Head of Her ſweet *Temper*, becauſe they were Her very *Nature*, and compounded Her Excellent Diſpoſition. If the *Meek* are Bleſſed, and as Our *Saviour* ſaith, *ſhall inherit the Earth*, She ſhould have had a great *Portion* in this World; but Our *Maria* choſe the better part; and if Her *Inheritance* be great in Heaven, the *Beatitude* is made good with great Advantage. When She hath heard that Some diſcourteouſly uſed Her, and Others *reflected* on Her and ſlighted Her, and Others behaved themſelves *Ungratefully*, She was never moved, but with a ſignal *Meekneſs* and Patience, would only ſay, *God Forgive them*; *let them alone*; *they cannot hurt Our Souls*: *Our*

Saviour endured more Diſdain and Contempt for Our Sakes. Even to Her *Inferiors* She was *Meek*, above what is common to Human *Nature*: When ſuch have behaved themſelves Impertinently, and perhaps ſpoken ſomething beyond the bounds of *Good Manners*, She hath not let fall the leaſt *Paſſion*, or uſed any *Imperious* Rebuke, but anſwered ſo *Mildly* as if She would Reclaim a *Friend*, or pitied the Ignorance of ſuch *Ill-bred* Creatures. But Her Meek Reſignation to the Will of God, and Her *Mild* Acquieſcence in whatſoever He thought fitting to lay upon Her, is infinitely beyond any *Submiſſion* She could ſhew to what proceded from vile *Duſt and Aſhes*; though in this alſo ſhe ſaw and acknowledged the Hand of God: But in the immediate *Diſpenſations* of Almighty God to Her, in *Afflictions*

flictions and Sorrows, in *Loſs of Friends* and Support, in *Life and Death*, She was the moſt reſign'd and contented *Soul* in the World; Only ſhe would ſometimes ſay, *It was not ſo heretofore*; intimating that in Her *Proſperity* all Careſs'd, Courted, and Flatter'd Her, but now every body preſumed to Wrong Her, that durſt not have given Her a *Diſreſpectful* Word before. Such is the *Baſeneſs* of the moſt part of the World, that are Friends to One's *Fortune*, and not to *One's Self*; that know no Virtue or *Merit*, but Money and *Intereſt*.

She was ſo *Mild*, and of ſuch a tender gentle *Nature*, that I never ſaw Her in a *Paſſion*, nor ſo much as upon the Borders of *Anger*; always *affable*, always *obliging*, giving ſoft and gentle Anſwers to Per-

ſons of all degrees. If true *Virtue* and *Merit* had always its reward in this World, never was there an *Object* better intitled to the conſtant *Proſperities* and Happineſs of this Life then *She* was. For She was of ſo *ſweet* a *Temper*, and ſo *Pacifick* a Diſpoſition in Her own *Nature*, that it is Pity that *adverſe* Fortune, or any *unkindneſs* of the World ſhould have ever touch'd Her; for whom it could not diſcompoſe it might *afflict*, and whom it could not overcome it might *injure*. And now She is gone, and all means of making Her *Reparation* taken away, I would wiſh all Perſons concerned, who have loſt the *Opportunity* of obliging ſo great *Sweetneſs*, to reflect ſeriouſly within themſelves, and ask that *Pardon* of God which they cannot now of Her; for whoever knew Her, and did not *Love* Her, could not

not be *Innocent* or *Wiſe*; but if any was ſo *wickedly* reſign'd as to *injure* Her, or to be unkind or *unnatural* to Her, I dare pronounce them not only *ignorant*, but deſperately *unhappy* for Ever, without a timely ſight and ſenſe of their *Error*. None could *merit* by obliging Her; ſuch was the *Prerogative* of Her Surperlative *Goodneſs*, that it challenged it of all; But I am ſure ſuch as were *unkind* to Her, ſuch as were *deaf* to Her *Juſt* Deſires, will find what it is to *neglect* and diſſerve afflicted *Virtue*. I pray God that their *Petitions* be not denied in Heaven in time of their *need*, who refuſed to *admit* or underſtand Her *Addreſſes* here, in the moſt *innocent* and Affectionate manner. For Her tender *Nature* was very ſuſceptible of *unkindneſſes*, eſpecially from Friends and *Relations*: Theſe, tho' She ſaid little,

and

and retorted nothing, made a great *Impreſſion* upon Her Spirits, and I pray God She did not carry the Effects of ſome ſuch *Harſhneſs* with Her to the *Grave*. But I will touch no further upon that *ſtring*, which hath been hinted before, but hope their own *Conſciences* will accuſe them in this World, that they may not be condemned in the World to come. However, this was a great Evidence of Her ſweet *Temper* and Diſpoſition.

If any Juſtification could be pretended for *Pride* in Mankind, who are nothing but *Worms*, She might have inſiſted upon ſome; for She wanted no *Endowments* nor Beauties of *Mind* or *Body*, at leaſt ſuch as were ſufficiently deſirable, without *Envying* any body elſe, that might poſſibly (and ſcarce poſſibly) poſſeſs greater. But *non ſic di-*

dicit

dicit Chriſtum, She had not ſo learned Chriſt. She knew how Empty and Dark all the *Knowledge* that can be acquired in this World is, and how much more *Vain* and Periſhing the greateſt *Beauty* and Embeliſhments of the Body are. And therefore She gave God thanks that had made Her ſo well, and more for that *Wiſdom*, (the Fear of God) which His *Grace* had planted in Her Heart. But in Her own Eyes, She was the *Humbleſt* Soul Living; and it was hard to perſwade Her that She did or ſpoke any thing commendably, tho' very few *Women* ever Excelled Her in Either. But Her *Humility* adorn'd all Her other Virtues, and made them Shine more bright. She knew the Great Pattern Her *Saviour*, and that *Humility* would exalt Her, if not in this World, yet the higher in the World to come.

Nor

Nor did this *Virtue* ſo *pleaſing* to God, and ſo *deſpiſed* by Men, loſe Her any thing with *diſcreet* Perſons, of the Reſpect and Eſteem, that was due to Her; She knew how to temper it with *Prudence*, that Her *Familiarity* did not make Her *Mean*, nor Her *Reſerve* ſuſpected of *Pride*. She was *Gentile*, *Prudent*, and of ſo *Sweet* a Nature, that Her Virtues were not apt to ſwerve into any *Extreme* on either ſide. But theſe with Other Her Virtues and *Graces*, by an happy *Concatenation* being perſpicuous thorough every *Section* and *Paragraph* of this Diſcourſe and *Character* of Her (tho' never to be *Expreſſed* to Her Worth and *Merit*) I ſhall forbear to enlarge further under this particular *Head*. It is ſufficient that they were ſuch, as I am ſatisfied, with a moſt *devout Affiance* and ſtedfaſt *Faith* in the Merits

Merits of Her Bleſſed *Saviour*, have tranſlated Her to Eternal Glory, or to uſe Her own Pious and *Pathetical* Phraſe, *brought Her into the Bride-Chamber, to partake of thoſe Felicities there, and to lye in the Boſom of the Bridegroom to Eternal Ages.*

Her

Her Dexterity and Ingenuity in all things, and Delight to be always employed.

THough this be an Extrinsical *Quality*, yet is the Ingenuity of *Manual Operation* never in any extraordinary degree in any Person, but it is a certain indication of an exquisite and fruitful *Fancy*, besides other Endowments of the *Mind*. How laudable is it to see any Man (tho' not of a *Mechanical* degree, to do it for a Livelihood) to have a natural *ingenious* Propensity to exercise and cultivate *Arts* and *Manufactures*? This Persons of *Honour*, Noblemen, and *Princes* have done, and improved

proved thoſe very *Mechanick* Arts they delighted in, beyond what the Mercenary *Artiſt* himſelf could do: And this for a pure diverſion to themſelves, tho it deſerved the Applauſe and Admiration of all. How much more admirable is it then, when ſuch a *Dexterity* and Ingenuity of *Wit* and *Fancy* falls amongſt the *Fair Sex*? and their not leſs active *Fancies* are always imployed in perpetual *varieties* of ingenious *Works* and Operations, ſuitable to the Tenderneſs and *Delicacy* of their *Sex*, and not unbecoming the *Greateſt* and the *Nobleſt* Ladies.

Every Body knows the *Prudence* and the *Benefit* of being always well *imployed*: To love to be ſo, is a ſign not only of an *ingenious* but of a *virtuous* Mind; but *Idleneſs* is the Nurſe of Evil Thoughts,

and

and they will ſoon break out into Evil Actions; And *vain* imploying our *Time* (as there are too many occaſions for ſuch in the World) is all one as *ill* imploying it, for doing *nothing* will in time come to doing *ill*, and *vain* Diverſions will not fail to Expoſe One to many temptations and inconveniencies. But *the Excellent* MARIA (whoſe *Character* I attempt in theſe Sheets) was fortified againſt ſuch ill *habits* and depraving of *virtuous* Minds, by Her Natural *Inclination*, by a diſcreet *Education*, by Her *Piety*, and by Her own *Prudence*.

After Her conſtant and daily Performance of Her *Duty* to God, She delighted for the reſt of the day to be *Ingeniouſly* and Innocently imployed. This was not in Formalities of *Viſits*, much Acquaint-

Acquaintance, and much *Company-keeping*; of which She had Opportunites enough of the Best *Quality*, and which She maintained with all *Decorum* and Moderation; but Her greater Satisfaction was to be at Home, and giving Her self variety of *Innocent* Employments and Diversion. For sometimes She would read in some good or ingenious *Book*, and always made Her *Observations* out of them, or would make such *Enquiries* upon them, whereby She might most profit, and improve Her *Knowledge*. Another while She would betake Her self to *Work*; (for She was exquisitely Curious and Ingenious at Her *Needle*), and then on went the *Gold and Silver* Embroider'd *Silk Apron*, Her Silver *Filligreen Cases* by Her Side, and all Her pretty *Implements* before Her; at which time I thought She look'd like a *Princess*;

or rather like an *Angel* disposed to do *good*, and to be well *employed*; and a thousand *pretty* things Her Ingenious *Fingers* would be working, or making from time to time. At other times She would be busied in *Housewifry*, *Cookery*, *Conserving*, *Distilling*, nay in a good degree of *Physick* and *Chyrurgery*: In short, nothing came amiss to Her, but in some measure She was *dextrous* and ingenious in it. But She was most delighted, if at any time She could apply what She made or understood, to the *Necessities* of any *Poor* Body. One *Instance* I cannot omit of Her ready Capacity and *Judgment*; which is, that I having a little for my *Diversion*, look'd into some *Mathematical* Studies, She was so taken with the *Discourse* of them, that *She said* She must learn the same, and begg'd of me that I would teach Her:

Her: Which at ſome Spare Hours I offering to do, it was to my Admiration to ſee how readily She apprehended it (though intricate enough to ſome good Underſtandings) and in a ſhort time could make *Characters*, *Schemes*, and *Diagrams*, with great Exactneſs. But in a word, She was in Her own *Perſon*, in Her *Dreſs*, in Her *Chamber*, in every thing, the *Neateſt* and the *Sweeteſt* Woman in the World, and ſo Ingenious and *Handy*, that I verily believe few Equall'd Her, by Her own innate deſires always doing *good*, and always *well-employ'd*.

I have ſpoken already of Her reading in any *Book* at firſt ſight, with that Readineſs, Perfection, and *Judgment*, as is not ordinary in Men; with that Exactneſs She did obſerve the *Cadencies* and *Em-*

phaſis of every *Period*. And can any body deny this to be the Reſult of an *ingenious* Capacity, deep *Memory*, and an *habitual* Virtuous *Practice*? Nor did Her *Writing* leſs commend Her *Ingenuity* and Parts; for beſides that the *Character* was very well and *Neat*, the Senſe was ſtrong, and Her Expreſſions (upon whatever Subject She writ) *Pathetical*, and ingeniouſly *appoſite*; as muſt be confeſſed by the moſt *Envious*, even from ſome Quotations of Her *Letters*, and ſome of Her *Expreſſions*, which I have made before. Her *Singing* alſo was extraordinary and *Sweet*, mixed with *Art* and *Judgment*, both in *Italian* and *Engliſh*; in which She had the beſt *Maſters*, as appears by ſome of Her *Song-Books*, which I have now by me. I have alſo by me a *Common-Prayer* Book of Her's, with the Reading *Pſalms*, in the *Italian*

Italian Language, very neatly Bound up, which She uſed to perfect Her ſelf in *Italian*; which all ſpeaks Her Ingenuity.

All theſe *Ingenuities*, with the *Prettineſs* of Her pleaſant *Humour* and Diſpoſition, made Her Converſation very *endearing* as well as entertaining; but they being nothing to the inward *Riches* of Her *Mind*, and Her *Divine* Endowments, I will inſiſt no longer upon them, leſt I ſeem to dwell too much upon ſuch Outward *Qualities*, when greater *Excellencies* require our Attention.

Her great Affiance and Truſt in God.

IN this Divine *Grace* She not only followed the Patterns of thoſe *Holy* Men in *Scripture*, who did put their whole *Truſt* in God, and relied upon his *Promiſes*, but was Her ſelf a living *Example* of that Heavenly Temper of *Mind*, to all that knew Her well: For She rightly underſtood, that God's Gracious Promiſe, *I will never leave thee nor forſake thee*, was not made to *Joſhua* alone, but is applicable to all *Pious* Souls that put their *Truſt* in him, in any danger, difficulty, or *diſtreſs*. And God never fails to grant their Requeſts, and *deliver* them in the *Specifick* manner

manner deſired, or to do better for them. Sometimes our own Deſires granted, would *undo* our ſelves: He knows what is *Beſt* for us; and if he deny what we ask, and give us what is *Better*, ſure we are no Loſers by it. Health and *Wealth*, *Proſperity* and Plenty, are pleaſing things, but the *Favour* of God and *Heaven* are better. We know not how many Miſchiefs and Inconveniences we are poſſibly delivered from, by being ſometimes denied what we crave; nay, how many Evils and *Sufferings* we are taken away from, when we are taken out of this *Life*, which to *Fleſh* and *Blood* ſeems the hardeſt Diſpenſation of all. For *Skin for Skin*, and all that a Man hath, will he give for his *Life*; and that is ſo *ſweet* (though I think it is ſo only to *Carnal* and Worldly Men) that we are apt to chuſe it with Sick-

neſs, *Diſeaſes*, Want, *Poverty*, Diſhonour, and *Loſs* of every thing, rather than quit *this Life*, how ſhort and momentary, nay how *grievous* ſoever it be. But this is want of *Grace* and right Underſtanding; for he that is not willing, nay deſirous to *dye* (provided he hath made his *Peace* with God) methinks is like a *Man* who lies in Torture and Pain, expoſed to Cold, *Hunger and Want*, and in continual danger of being *deſtroyed* by Enemies, and refuſeth to be received into a *Prince*'s Palace, to be *relieved*, to be healed, to be *Protected*, and to be in *Peace*, and Joy, and *Eaſe*, as long as he lives.

Such is the *Exchange* of Life and Death: *Death* is but a Paſsport to a better Life, the *Gate* by which we enter into a place of Eternal Joys

Joys and Reſt: And though this *Gate* be narrow, and beſet with ſome ſharpneſs, which Human *Nature* muſt conflict with for a Moment, yet who would not endure a ſhort Encounter to paſs that *Door*, which he knows ſhall lead him into a *Paradiſe* and a Kingdom? *Death* ought to be the *Reward* only of *Virtue*, and to be denied to the degenerate and *Vicious*; as that *Poet* hath it, who is full of many *excellent Raptures*. Lucan Pharſal. lib. 4.

Mors, utinàm pavidos vitâ ſubducere nolles,
Sed Virtus te ſola daret.

Oh! that the Fates would let the Vicious live,
That Virtue only, Death to men might give.

This is ſufficient to make us reſign all our deſires to God's *Will*, who ſees what is fitteſt for us, who is

is our *Father*, and knows better than we how to give good things to us. We may pray, and desire what we want, and what is *pleasing* and acceptable to our selves, but let it be in order to God's *Glory*, and with an entire Submission and Resignation to his *Divine Will* and Pleasure. I ask of Almighty God to give me *Health*, to restore to me *Prosperity*, to preserve to me *Friends*, and to turn the hearts of my *Enemies*, and I put my *Trust* in him, that God will grant me these things, if he sees it *Best* for me, and so I rest contented. Possibly God sees it not fit to grant my Desires in *Specie*; but then he gives me *Patience*, *Meekness*, *Humility*, and a cheerful *Resignation* to his Pleasure, and that's *Better*. At last comes happy *Welcome Death*, who frees me from all Troubles and *Uneasiness* here, and

and conveys me (*as my beſt Friend*) into thoſe Bleſſed *Regions* of Peace and Happineſs, where are Joys and *Pleaſures* for evermore.

Such was the *Condition*, ſuch was the Heavenly *Temper* of my *moſt Excellent MARIA*; I believe She forgot not God in *Her Proſperity*, and in Her *Adverſity* I am ſure no *Soul* could have a greater *Affiance* and Truſt in God; She did ſtedfaſtly believe that God would never *leave Her nor forſake Her*, but would Reſtore Her to Her former *Proſperity* and *Honour*, or do better for Her. So She *Prayed* daily, and daily reſigned Her ſelf up to God's Will; and She *Praiſed* God for his *Mercies*, and Comforts to Her in ſome *Refreſhments*, in which, though I may preſume to ſay, She could have took *Pleaſure* and Satisfaction to have lived ma-

ny

ny Years, yet She contentedly *submitted* to God's Will; when She saw the Alteration of Her Health, with too sad *Symptoms* of Her approaching Change. But not to deviate too much from the scope of this *Section*, which is to shew Her strong Confidence and Trust in God in all *Conditions*, and on all *Occasions*. For Her *Misfortunes*, it was Pity that the *Lot* of so deserving a Person should be to share in the *ill Fortune* of another, to which She was not Accessary; She temper'd Her *Prosperity* so, that She never deserved to have seen *Adversity*; but with great *Equanimity* and Virtue She went thorough them *Both*. But that which afflicted Her most, was the Change of Her *Friends*, with the Change of Her *Condition*; She had not been acquainted with the wicked *World*, so much as to expect this. She thought

thought She had a Treaſure of *Friends*, a Sanctuary and ſafe *Retreat* againſt the Storms of *Fortune*. Her Innocent Heart could not think, that thoſe that had pretended ſuch *Affection* and Honour for Her in Her *Happy* Days, ſhould not only *deſert* Her, but *deceive*, abuſe, and *Oppreſs* Her when the *Clouds* came. But it pleaſed God that this ſhould be the *Tryal* and Exerciſe of Her Chriſtian *Virtues*, to make them ſhine the Brighter; which if they could not retrieve Her *Fortune*, yet 'tis certain they exalted Her *Glory* in Heaven ſome degrees higher.

Behold Her great *Affiance* and Truſt in God, both under the ſeverity of *Fortune*, and that greater Calamity the *Alienation* of Her *Friends*; for the firſt, She always Bleſſed God's Name, and kept Her *Integrity*, and with Holy *Job* ſaid,

God

God had given, and God had taken away; and if he pleased he could likewise make Her *latter* End greater then Her *Beginning*. And for Her *Friends* (which troubled Her most) She only used to say, that *God could turn their hearts*, and She trusted he would, that they might return to their former *Affection* and *Respect* which they had professed, and which She no way deserved to Lose.

There was nothing sate so *deep* upon Her *Spirits*, and afflicted Her so much, as the *Alienated* Affections of *One* whom I need not *name*, but was as *dear* to Her in *Affection*, as he was *near* in *Blood*; for I know (by many Instances) She *loved him dearly*, and coveted nothing more than to live in his *Affection* and *Favour*. I will not pretend to imagine any *mistaken*

Reasons

Reasons there could be for so *Unchristian*, so *Unnatural* an *Aversion*; but I must beg leave to believe, that it was *impossible* for Her to *deserve* it: And if She *could*, yet there will be an *Account* required why so much *Sweetness*, so *dear* an *Affection*, so much *Seeking* for a *Reconciled Love*, was not *forgiven* and Embraced, as *God* and *Nature* commanded; why *cruelly* repulsed, and *refusing* so much as to open an *Affectionate* and *Humble Letter* from Her. I know not what *Religion* he professeth, that teaches such *Uncharitableness*, such *Unnatural* a Carriage, if he hopes to be *forgiven* of God his *Offences*; but I *pray* that his *Hardship* to that *dear* and so *near Relation* of his, may not be laid to his *Charge*. My business is to set forth Her Exemplar *Piety* in this greatest Trouble of Her *Mind*: And as I have intimated

mated before, that She was not pleaſed that any one ſhould ſpeak *ill*, or in *derogation* of him, ſo She hoped, She *truſted* in God, that She ſhould live to ſee a perfect *Love* and *Friendſhip* re-eſtabliſhed between them; for She *truſted* that God would *turn* his Heart, as (*She ſaid*) he did *Eſau*'s toward his Brother *Jacob*: For when *Jacob* was to meet him, he was afraid leſt there was *Anger* and *Revenge* in his Brother *Eſau*'s heart, and therefore he had prepared a *Preſent* whereby to *appeaſe* him; but God
Gen. 33. 4. had *turned* the heart of *Eſau*, ſo that he *ran to meet his Brother* Jacob, *and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kiſſed him, and they wept together.* And inſtead of ta-
Ver. 9. king his *Preſent*, or any thing from him, *Eſau* ſaid, *I have enough, my Brother, keep that thou haſt unto thy ſelf*: But his Brother *Jacob urged* him

him, for an inſtance of his Favour, *and he took it.* Thus, *ſaid* this divine *Soul*, the *moſt Excellent* MARIA, *God (in whoſe hand the Hearts of Kings are) can turn the heart of my Brother, if he pleaſeth; and I ſubmit it to his Will, who knows what is Beſt.* Ver. 11.

But to fortify Her ſelf more againſt the imminent *Inſults* of Her own *adverſe* Fortune, and to build Her Comfort and *Truſt* upon that *Rock* of God's Promiſe, *never to forſake them*, who depend upon him and ſerve him, She would often *ſay* with an aſſured, but not a *preſumptuous* Faith, that though one's *Condition* might be brought very *Low*, and a *diſtreſſed* Soul under great *Affliction* and *Temptation*, yet there was none could *deſpair*, that obſerved God's Almighty *Providence*, ſo many ways *Recorded* in Holy *Scripture*.

1 Kings Chap. 17. He made the *Widow's* Cruiſe of *Oyl* to ſupply her, and not to *waſte*: he commanded the *Ravens* to feed the Prophet *Elijah*; he gave Water out of the *Rock*, and *Manna* from Heaven; he can turn our *Enemies* to be our *Friends*, or make their *ill Deſigns* and *Hatred* to work to his Glory and our *Good*, and give us new and *better Friends* in their room. To this She obſerved, what a great *Example* there was of God's *Miraculous* and All-ſufficient *Providence* in that Memorable and *Pathetical* Hiſtory of *Joſeph* and his *Brethren*; when out of *Envy* and *Hatred*, they ſought to deſtroy him, and thought they had done ſo in *ſelling* him away, as never expecting to hear of him more, and making their *Father* believe that a *wild Beaſt* had devoured him; Lo! what a *Train* of wonderful *Providences* did God produce

Exodus Chap. 16, and 17.

Gen. 37. 26.

Ver. 33.

duce out of that *Wicked* Action; the *Oppreſſed*, the *Deſpiſed*, the *injured Joſeph*, in a ſtrange *Country* is advanced and *preferred*; his *Brethren* and his *Father* come to ſeek *Bread* of him, and he is made the *Inſtrument* to preſerve them alive; his *Prophetick Dreams* are fulfill'd, and his *Father* and *Brethren* come to bow down before him, as the *Governor* and *Ruler* of the *Land*; their Eyes are reſtrained from knowing him, but *Nature* works, and *Joſeph* (who knew them) could not refrain, his *Bowels Yearn'd* toward them *Brothers* that had betray'd him; he withdraws to *Weep*, and at laſt comes out and *diſcovers* himſelf to them. And when they were all afraid at his *Preſence*, and expecting his Juſt *Reſentment* for their former *Wickedneſs* towards him, he *ſaid* to them, *Be not grieved nor angry with your ſelves, that*

Gen. 42.

43. 26.

Ver. 30.

Gen. 45. 5.

ye ſold me hither; for God did ſend me
Ver. 8. *before you to preſerve Life; ſo now*
it was not you that ſent me hither, but
God; *and he hath made me a Father*
to Pharaoh, *and Lord of all his Houſe,*
and a Ruler throughout all the Land
Gen. 46. *of* Egypt. So *Jacob* went down with all his Family into *Egypt* to his Son *Joſeph*, and were ſuſtained and preſerved by him from the *Famine*; and their *Generations* remained there till God's *due time*, in which he *delivered* them, and brought them out with a *Mighty Hand*, according to his *Promiſe*.

There is not (in my opinion) a more *Paſſionate Story* in all the *Bible* than this, and which doth more *Illuſtrate* God's *Almighty Providence*, and *Shew* the *Variety* of his *Unſearchable Works and Ways*, that can bring *good* out of *Evil*, and the ends of his *Glory* out of

Man's

Man's moſt deſigned *Miſchief.* See here, At firſt *Joſeph's* hard *Fate* and *Fortune* from the *Envy* and *Cruelty* of his *Brethren*; His *Riſe* and *Glory*, *Virtue*, and *Honour*; His *paſſionate* and *tender* diſcovery of himſelf to his *Brethren*; His kind and *pious* imputing their *ill intention* to God's deſigned *Providence*, not their *Cruelty*; Their horror and *conſcious Fear* at his *Preſence*; His ſignal *Fraternal Love* and comforting them; The Preſervation of all their *Lives* by that very *Inſtrument* and *Perſon* whom they would have Deſtroyed; The good old *Jacob's* reviving Spirits and *Joy* at the news that his *Beloved* Son *Joſeph* was alive; *Jacob's* Journey to ſee his Son, and ſettling in *Egypt* with his *Family*; Where he was Multiplied as the *Stars in Heaven*, and his *Succeſſors* brought up from thence by a *Powerful* Hand, with *Signs* and *Wonders*,

into the Land of *Promise*, as had been foretold some *hundreds* of Years before.

A perfect *Concatenation* of *Miracles* and *Mercies*. Thus as the Psal. 76. *Psalmist* saith, *The fierceness of Man shall turn to thy Praise, and the fierceness of them shalt thou restrain.* So *Pathetical* indeed is the whole History of *Joseph*, that none that reads it with attention but must be *Affected*, and *Melt* as *Joseph* did: I am sure I never could read it without *Weeping*, (though so many *thousand* Years past) as if the *Tragi-Comedy* were now Acting. On such like *Passages* of God's *Providence* in *Scripture* did my *most Excellent* MARIA make Her *Discourses* and *Observations*; With such *dispensations* of God's Eternal *Wisdom* and *Power* did She comfort Her *Pious Soul*, and shew Her stedfast

Affiance

Affiance and *Truſt* in God, to whoſe *Pleaſure* She intirely ſubmitted Her ſelf. But I cannot finiſh this *Paragraph*, without giving the due *Celebration* to Her *Piety* herein, and Her aſſiduous *reading* of God's *Word*, which appeared by Her *proper* and *ingenious* Application of it upon all *Occaſions*, and ſhewed that She made it Her *delight* and *meditation*; which was very extraordinary in a *Lady*. And I make bold to ſay, Few of Her own Sex had either Her *Judgment* or Her *Piety*, to make that *Uſe* of what She read. O *Covetouſneſs* which art *Idolatry*! to deſert and expoſe ſuch *diſtreſſed Virtue*: O the *Covetous* man whom God *abhorreth*! Remember that *terrible* word, and recover God's *Love* by repairing thoſe precious *loſt Opportunities* of cheriſhing and relieving *Oppreſſed Goodneſs*: Great is the *Account* which

Col. 3. 5.

Pſal. 10. 3.

is to be rendred for a great *Talent* committed. And they are not *Happy* who are vaſtly *Rich*, as the *World* thinks them, or perhaps they think *themſelves*; but He that knows how to *uſe* well what God hath lent him, and can cheerfully give up his *Account*. As the ſweet *Lyrick Poet* tells us *Who* is truly *Happy* in a few Words:

Hor. carm. Lib. 4. Od. 9.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus ſapientèr uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque letho flagitium timet;
Non ille pro charis amicis,
Aut Patria timidus perire.

He is not Happy that hath Much;
But who ſo can his Mind diſpoſe
To uſe aright what Heaven beſtows,
He juſtly is accounted Such:

If

If he know how hard Want to bear,
And dread a Crime more than his End,
If for his Country, or his Friend
To ſpend his Life, he do not fear.

This is the *Brazen Wall* of a good *Conſcience*, and will make the *Account* comfortable in the *End*. That Man is only *Happy*, and his *Riches* a *Bleſſing* to him; otherwiſe he will too late Repent his cramm'd *Coffers*, when he finds himſelf in that *Rich* man's Place in the *Parable*, and wants a drop of cold *Water*. And therefore let *Covetous* men betimes remember the Warning of St. *Paul*, *They that will be Rich fall into Temptation, and a Snare, and into many fooliſh and hurtful Luſts, which drown men in deſtruction and perdition. For the Love of Money is the Root of all Evil.* 1 Tim. Chap. 6. Ver. 9, 10.

But it was an admirable *Proof* of a *Pious* and Heavenly *Temper*, as well as a *ſerene* and *quiet Mind* in the *moſt Excellent* MARIA, to ſee with what a Calm and *Even* Spirit She did *Deſcend* from a State of *Proſperity* and Worldly *Enjoyments*, wherein She had lived in a *Degree* nearer to the *Nobility* than *Gentry*: Inſomuch that She appeared not to fall, but to take Her *Leave*, and voluntarily to *abdicate* the gaudy *Pageantry* and Vanities of this World, that She might raiſe Her Thoughts and *Soul* higher to *Better* things above. And as She well *became* and deſerved the *Splendor* of Her former *Happy* Condition, ſo She did not leſs adorn Her *retired Fortune* with *Meekneſs*, *Patience*, and a cheerful *Affiance* in God's All-ſufficient *Providence*. She had learnt a *Leſſon* which She knew not before, that

that *Friends* follow the *Fortune*, and not the *Merit* of a *Perſon*. But She would ſtill ſay, *Though all forſook Her, yet She was ſure God would not forſake Her, but would provide for Her, and raiſe Her up other Friends.* And God did hear Her Prayers, and anſwer Her Humble *Truſt* in him, in ſuch a *meaſure* (at leaſt) as She was heartily well *Content* with, and wherewith She was as *Cheerful* as perhaps She had ever been in Her Life. But being God had a deſign to ſanctify Her *Afflictions* to Her, and to reward and *Crown* them, and having given Her a Glimpſe of *Conſolation* for the Eaſe and Refreſhment of Her *Mind*; now ſeeing Her prepared and *Worthy* of more permanent *Joys*, he was pleaſed to give Her a never-fading Kingdom of *Felicity*; New and Better *Friends* of *Saints* and *Angels*,

and

and to translate Her from this *false* and transitory World, to a greater and more Eternal *Weight* of Glory.

Her last Sickness, and Patient Resignation to God's Will.

SIckness is the Harbinger to *Death*, the Monitor of our *Ends* approaching; We are all Born with a *Condition* to *Dye*, and that which is common to all, nobody *repines* at, or at least they *wonder* not at it. But when a *dear* Friend Dyes, then we are apt to expostulate, *Why so soon? I have Enjoyed him but a little while; He might have lived many Years, and why must we be parted so suddenly?*

But

But Oh Man! *Who art thou that replieſt againſt God?* Are we not all ſent into this World on *condition* to return when he calls? The *beſt Friend*, the *deareſt Partner* of one's Life is but *lent*, and muſt be reſtored when God pleaſeth; and Bleſſed is the *Change* to them that put off this *Mortality* to be Cloathed with *Glory*, though to us in our heavy *droſſy* part of Earth here left behind, it ſeems *grievous* and afflicting. Beſides, when Sickneſs is the *Preparative*, when the *Warning* is by that natural way which is incident to all Men, the *diſpenſation* is the more Merciful; then the *Soul* hath time to raiſe it ſelf up to God, to implore his *Mercy*, and to expect its *change* with a *cheerful Reſignation* to the Will of God. How many do we ſee daily taken away by *ſudden* Death, and ſome by *violent* Ones?

Ones? And therefore I bless God's infinite Mercy to Her, that gave Her, by the *natural* Way, an *Euthanasia*, an *easy passage* out of this Life, as *Augustus Cæsar* always wish'd to himself. And indeed it was God's great *Goodness* to Her, considering how long She Lived out of Her *Native* Country, how She had been *hurried* and toss'd about since, and *cruelly* Used and *Forsaken* by all Friends and *Relations*, that She should at last end Her days in *Peace*, Dye in the Arms of *One that dearly loved Her*, and receive in some degree an *Honourable* and Christian *Burial*. This is some *Comfort* to me under the unhappy *Stroke*, and I bless God that made me the unworthy *Instrument* of his Mercies to Her.

Suet. in Aug.

It was three or four *Months* before She dyed, that She found Her

Her self not well, and complained of some irregular *disorder* in Her Body, for which by ill Advice She let *Blood* twice, but others thought it very improper for that obstruction of *Nature*; and afterwards it affected Her *Head* with very bad *symptoms*, and could never be brought into order again. About the same time, She complained of some inconvenience and soreness in Her Left *Breast*, which whence it should come She could not tell, but undoubtedly must grow from some hurt done, perhaps some years before, to Her *Breast*, but it proved fatal, and grew to a *Cancer*; though I believe that was not come to that height to be the cause of Her *Death*, which seemed rather to proceed from that other *distemper*, which flew up into Her *Head*, and ended in *Convulsion* Fits, which carried Her off.

Though

Though in both these Illnesses She was not unapprehensive that She carried about Her the *Symptoms* of Death, as we all feared, yet She never discovered the least *impatience* or disquiet of *Mind*, but with a most sedate *Calm Temper*, She would say *God's Will be done*, and endeavour to shew as much *Evenness* and *Pleasantness* of *Mind*, as if She had no Illness about Her. But She would often fall down upon Her *Knees* in Her Chamber, though we were present, and *Prayed* silently by Her self a good while together; which I could not see without accompanying Her with my private *Prayers*, and with *Tears* begging of God to *restore* Her, if it was his blessed *Will*; when She rise up She would say, *I would live with my Dear a little longer, if God please*: to which I answered Her, Weeping,

If

If thy Time be come, thou wilt be Happy, it is I shall be Miserable. She replied, *No, God will bless my Dear, and we shall meet again in Heaven.* Generally every day She desired me to read the *Lessons* of the Day to Her, and upon *Sundays* a Sermon of Bishop *Taylor*'s. But when Her *Convulsions* began to seize Her, as I was struck with *dreadful* Apprehensions of Her approaching *End*, so I constantly then read the *Prayers* of the *Church* with Her, and added those for the *Visitation of the Sick*.

On *Sunday* the *Second* of *July*, after She had dined pretty cheerfully, but was sensibly indisposed, and after She had heard me read *Prayers* and a *Sermon*, about Four a Clock in the Afternoon, it pleased God that She was taken with a *Convulsion* Fit, which seized Her

with a trembling in Her *Foot*, with a perpetual Motion, that She could not hold it ſtill; and ſo it aſcended higher, till it reached Her *Breaſt*, but did not ſeize Her *Head*, and in half a quarter of an Hour it vaniſh'd ſuddenly again: And three or four of theſe *Fits* She had that Day, but at Night She compoſed Her ſelf to *Reſt*, and went to *Bed* indifferent well and *cheery*: She ſlept pretty well that Night, and ſometimes toward Morning Her *Foot* would begin to ſhake, and She would ſay, Her *Fit* was coming, but it went off again immediately. We adviſed Her to keep Her *Bed*, and not to riſe that Day; which She did, and at Noon eat a little Dinner, ſitting up in Her *Bed*. She held out alſo, and diſcourſed very well, till about Four a Clock in the Afternoon (being *Monday*), when it plea-

pleaſed God that a terrible ſudden *Convulſion* Fit ſeized Her in Her *Head*, which began with thoſe ſad *Diſtortions* of Her Face and Eyes, that was dreadful to ſee, and we all thought were the very *Pangs* of *Death* upon Her. But after ſome time, She recovered Her ſelf again, and Her *Face* and *Eyes* returned to their due Compoſure. But in ſome Intervals of Time She had two or three of theſe *Fits*, terrible to behold, which ſeizing upon the *Noble* Parts of the *Head*, ſtruck the *Organs* of all Her Faculties in thoſe *Vital* Parts, and at that time did certainly give Her her *Death's Wound*. From that Moment I deplored Her *as loſt* to this World, and with continual *Tears*, and a Heart full of the deepeſt Grief and Diſtraction, prayed God to *Reſtore* Her, who yet could do it, if it were His *Will*, or to convey Her

Precious Soul by His Holy *Angels*, to His blessed *Mansions* of Eternal Rest and Glory.

In this sad Condition, tho Her *Speech* was so far taken from Her, that She could not discourse, yet it pleased God mercifully to preserve Her *Reason* to Her, and She could utter some Words, and answer to any thing was spoke to Her: Her *Heart* was whole, and untouch'd with these sad *Symptoms*; and that being strong, was the cause that She held out so long; but the Impair which those *Fits* had given to Her *Head* and all Her *Faculties*, was never to be recovered. Wherefore considering Her Case, and that Her Understanding was yet sound and perfect, I propounded to Her, that I would have a *Divine* if She pleased, to *Pray* with Her, and to administer the *Sacra-*

Sacrament to Her; which Motion She entertained with great Satisfaction and Desire; and accordingly that *Evening*, with a most *fervent Devotion* and Joy She received the Blessed *Sacrament*, in which my self, and a *Kinswoman* of Hers that waited upon Her in Her Sickness, participated with Her. She lay thus from *Monday* to *Thursday* Morning, and that *Divine* at my Request was pleased to come every day, and *prayed* with Her; during all which time, I bless God, Her *Senses* and Her *Reason* continued with Her; only She could not express Her self to discourse, but would often speak a word or two, and answer pertinently to any thing that was said to Her. But She took no Sustenance in all that time, so that Her Spirits wasted by degrees, to Her final Expiration.

In this Extremity, and these very *Agonies* of Her Last Sickness, I being by Her, She would often turn Her Eyes upon me, and call me in Her *dear* Way, *My Dear*, *My Love*, and sometimes *Mio Cuore*: And when I said, See the *Dear Soul!* as long as there is *Life* in Her there will be *Love*, She cannot but shew it; She answered, *Ay*, *my Dear*, *my Love*, to shew She understood very well what I said; and fain would She have uttered more, if She had been able: Which even broke my Heart in a Flood of *Tears*: Which She also observing, could only say, *Don't*, *my Dear*, *Don't*, *my Love*, meaning She would not have me Weep, and Grieve my self for Her. Thus Her unparallel'd *Love* in Her Life-time, was the same to Her Last *Dying* Gasp, nor is it yet *dead*, but

but will be *Immortal* and Eternal; for though there be all *Love* in Heaven, yet I am sure She hath and will have a peculiar *Love* for me in those Blessed *Regions*, where I trust I shall meet Her, to live together in Everlasting *Love* and *Joy*, never to be *parted* more.

But though it was a bitter *panting* here on both Sides, and a great Combat for *Flesh* and *Blood*, yet by Her Eyes often cast up to Heaven, and some short *Ejaculations*, She shewed a perfect and contented *Resignation* to God's Will; and about *Six* a Clock on *Thursday* Morning, being the *Sixth* Day of *July*, 1699, Her Pious *Soul* took its flight out of the *Prison* of Her Body, and was conveyed by the *Angels* into the safe *Protection* of Her Ever-*Blessed* Redeemer *Jesus Christ*. A Day of the Month *Memorable*,

In this Extremity, and theſe very *Agonies* of Her Laſt Sickneſs, I being by Her, She would often turn Her Eyes upon me, and call me in Her *dear* Way, *My Dear*, *My Love*, and ſometimes *Mio Cuore*: And when I ſaid, See the *Dear Soul!* as long as there is *Life* in Her there will be *Love*, She cannot but ſhew it; She anſwered, *Ay*, *my Dear*, *my Love*, to ſhew She underſtood very well what I ſaid; and fain would She have uttered more, if She had been able: Which even broke my Heart in a Flood of *Tears*: Which She alſo obſerving, could only ſay, *Don't*, *my Dear*, *Don't*, *my Love*, meaning She would not have me Weep, and Grieve my ſelf for Her. Thus Her unparallel'd *Love* in Her Life-time, was the ſame to Her Laſt *Dying* Gaſp, nor is it yet *dead*, but

but will be *Immortal* and Eternal; for though there be all *Love* in Heaven, yet I am sure She hath and will have a peculiar *Love* for me in those Blessed *Regions*, where I trust I shall meet Her, to live together in Everlasting *Love* and *Joy*, never to be *parted* more.

But though it was a bitter *parting* here on both Sides, and a great Combat for *Flesh* and *Blood*, yet by Her Eyes often cast up to Heaven, and some short *Ejaculations*, She shewed a perfect and contented *Resignation* to God's Will; and about *Six* a Clock on *Thursday* Morning, being the *Sixth* Day of *July*, 1699, Her Pious *Soul* took its flight out of the *Prison* of Her Body, and was conveyed by the *Angels* into the safe *Protection* of Her Ever-*Blessed* Redeemer *Jesus Christ*. A Day of the Month *Me-*

morable, on which that Hopeful Prince, King *Edward* the *Sixth* changed also His Earthly *Crown* for a Heavenly *Crown* of Glory: And I having given Her once a *Spur-Royal* Piece of Gold of King *Edward* the *Sixth* for a Token, which She was very fond of, and from thence would use to call me *il mio Rè Edoardo* in *Italian*, Her King *Edward*, made it no contemptible *Observation*, That She should Expire upon that same Day, and go to be Company with *Kings* and *Saints* and *Angels*, in Everlasting Glory. There all *Tears* are wiped from Her Eyes, there She shall never more see *Sorrow*, or Want, or Unkind *Friends*, or Treacherous *Enemies*, but all are supplied and recompensed with a *Crown* of Glory. To me there remains a *Portion* of Affliction, and a Remnant of *Sorrowful* Days, the

the just and fitting *Tribute* to Her incomparable *Merit*; for I renounce all Comforts of this World, and even in *Prosperity* it self should find no *Relish*, since She is gone, for whose *sake* only I could have covetd to have been *Happy*.

Before I conclude this *Section*, I think it fitting to leave a *Memorial* of an *Ungrateful* Wicked Woman, to shew that some *Sufferings* or other accompanied this dear Lady to Her very Grave, and the *Fate* of the greatest *Goodness* is to be always most abused. The Kinswoman I mentioned before, who joyned in receiving the *Sacrament* with Her, being in *low* Circumstaces, sometimes had been imployed by Her in Washing Her *Linnen*, and now about a *Month* before Her Death, out of Kindness, was entertained by Her to

attend

attend Her in Her Sickness for *Wages*; This *False* wicked *Creature* seing Her *Sickness* was like to end in *Death*, took her opportunities to ransack and pilfer Her *Trunks* and *Boxes*, and to convey away what she pleased for her own Use, of some considerable Value. The Impudent *Creature* did not deny several things, and she might have answered for it all with the *hazard* of her Life, if I had not been willing for her *Relations* sake, to shew her more *Favour* than she deserved. But that which strikes me with *Horror* to think, and ought to make her *tremble* before she *Dies*, is that this desperate *Wretch* could dare to joyn in the Blessed *Sacrament*, when she was actually wronging that dying *Lady*, and literally broke at least *Two* of the Commandments. Here was a complication

plication of many Sins, *Perfidiousness*, *Theft*, and the highest *Ingratitude*, whether toward that Blessed *Lady*, or toward me. But it is presumed upon *good ground*, that she wrought her self in, to be received into that *Service*, upon a Design, and for the *very Ends* which she so *Treacherously* Executed; I pray *God* give her *Grace* to Repent, or else her *Stoln Feathers* will cost her very *dear*, in this World or in the next.

Her

Her Death and Burial.

THus this Incomparable *Lady*, this *moſt Excellent* MARIA, being prepared and fitted by *Sufferings* and Afflictions, Sanctified to Her by God's *Grace*, reſign'd up Her *Soul* into the hands of Her *Creator*, with a *Meek*, Quiet, and *Calm* Spirit: For as ſhe lay like a *Lamb* in thoſe laſt days of Her *Agonies*, ſo when the *Moment* of Her Expiration was come, She ſeem'd to fall *Aſleep*; with no more diſturbance of Mind or Body She departed: for I being alarm'd to that *dreadful* ſight, Her *Breath* (which was hearty before) of a ſudden failed, and Her Red Freſh *Complexion* in Her Cheeks, methoughts

thoughts I ſaw, in the Twinkling of an Eye *vaniſh* away, and retire as ſwift as a *Shadow*. It was finiſhed, *Pale Death* ſucceeded in the Place, Her *Soul* was fled to Heaven, and Her *dear* Body returned to its original Earth.

I confeſs I never ſaw any one die before, and I believe I never ſhall another; but this that the *Obligations* of Love and Honour engaged me to attend through all the Melancholly *Scenes* of it, left me in a Diſtraction that could not but vent it ſelf in a Deluge of *Tears* and Bemoanings, till *Reaſon* took place again, and I recollected that it was the Will of our Heavenly *Father*, who knew what was *Beſt* for us all, that He had taken to himſelf His own *dear Child*, that She was *Happy*, and therefore I could not Lament *Her*, but

but my own *Unhappineſs* that was left behind Her in a troubleſome World. *Death* is but a *Sleep*, every Night we *Die*, for who is ſenſible when he is faſt aſleep, of the *Pleaſures*, or Honours, or Profits, of this World? Who is concerned for *Friends* or Enemies? We crave *nothing*, and We want *nothing*, and we know *nothing*: and therefore *Sleep* is well called the Elder Brother of *Death*: But in the Morning We wake to a *Reſurrection*, and then We are again engaged in all the *Cares* and Turmoils of this Buſy World. *Death* is but a longer *Sleep*, and though our Bodies moulder away in their retiring *Chambers*, yet they ſhall *awake*, the Morning of a Bleſſed *Reſurrection* ſhall come, and We ſhall Riſe again, not to the Viciſſitudes of *Cares* and Troubles, but to the *Buſineſs* of another World,

World, to *Peace* and *Joy* and Eternal *Love*, and Singing Praiſes and *Hallelujahs* to Him that ſits upon the *Throne* for Ever and Ever. Oh Happy Work therefore, when this Work of *Death* is well done; Bleſſed are they that Sleep in the *Lord*, for they reſt from their Labours. The heathen *Poet* could ſay, *Mors ſola Portus*; Death only is the *Haven*. Happy are we when we arrive there; there we are quiet and *ſafe*, after we have been perhaps long toſſed in the Tempeſts and *Storms* of the World. He that at laſt reaches his *Port*, and dies happily, hath not much cauſe to complain of the rough *Paſſage* he had, ſince he is not *ſhipwreck'd*, but can with pleaſure look back upon the danger, which he hath eſcaped and ſhall never undergo again, and is arrived in a *Countrey* of perpetual *Peace* and *Joy* Sen. Trag.

Joy and *Bleſſedneſs*, never to know Sorrow or Trouble more. *Death* is not only not to be dreaded, not to be ſhun'd, but I think by a *Wiſe* Man deſirable; for there ceaſeth all Trouble, Want, *Poverty*, Perſecution, and which is beſt of all, there Ceaſeth *Sin* it ſelf, which is the Cauſe of all thoſe, and our *ſcore* will be no more increaſed againſt the great day of *Reckoning*. As for the Loſs of *Eſtates* and and Honours and Pleaſures, if a man hath abounded in ſuch here, it is but an *Iriſh* ſort of Wit and grieving to be concern'd at them, of which we ſhall find no manner of Want or Need after Death.

However, to be ſorrowful for the loſs of a *dear Friend*, we may and ought, it is a *Tribute* juſtly due to our Affections whilſt we lived together, and to the *Memory* of

of the Deceased when we are parted. Our Blessed *Saviour* wept at the Grave of *Lazarus*, to shew us that we are not to put off *Humanity*, but that a decent *Sorrow*, and *Piety* toward the *dead*, is not only allowed but required. Such a *Sorrow*, such an Honour to the *dearest* Partner of my Life, I must and always will pay as long as I am unhappy to survive Her; my sad *Meditations* shall be continually sacrificed to the *dear* Memory of my *most Excellent* MARIA. Nor is she *lost*, she is but gone before, and I hope (thorough God's Mercy) I shall quickly follow Her. Though She hath got the *Start*, yet I will *Overtake* Her, and we will meet in Heaven and never *part* again. If she in Her now blessed *Station* could hear and speak to me, I know She would charge me not to *Grieve* my self,

or Lament for Her; but She would bid me make haste to follow Her, and come where She is. There She ſtands on the bleſſed *Shore*, beckning to me, and expecting my arrival from this *Sea* of Troubles, and the Tempeſtuous *Storms* of this World.

But Her Soul and Body being now ſeparated, and Her Bleſſed *Soul* aſcended into the *Regions* of Light and Happineſs; Her *dear* Body was to deſcend into the Chambers of *Darkneſs*; there to take its repoſe and *ſleep*, until it ſhall be awaked and united with the *Soul* again, to meet the *Bridegroom* at the general Reſurrection. I therefore applied my ſelf to this ſad *Office*, and the laſt *Duty* of my never-dying *Love* to the *Beſt* of Women; and in as decent and *honourable* a manner as a deſigned

private

private *Funeral* would permit, I depoſited Her *dear Aſhes* in the *Chancel* of St. *Ann's* Church of *Soho*e, where commended with the *Prayers* and Service of the Church of *England* She lies interred. But before Her *Coffin* was nail'd down to be carried out, after all the Company had *Saluted* Her to take their *Leaves*, I gave Her the laſt *dear Kiſs* upon Her cold *Lips*, with the *Obſequies* of my *Tears* from a heavy *Heart*.

She was worthy of a better *Fortune* than ever She Taſted in this Life; for I think that the *Endowments* of Her Mind, and the ſweet *Temper* of Her Diſpoſition, made Her ſo Excellent a *Lady*, as upon the foot of Her own Perſonal *Merit*, might have deſerved the moſt Virtuous *Prince* in the World, and been an *Honour* to

him too. But Her *Deſerts* could not be ſufficiently rewarded, and therefore they were Crowned with *Thorns*, with Sorrow and *Adverſity* here, that ſhe might partake the greater *Glory* and Reward in *Heaven*. Her *Native Virtue* and Innocency will riſe in Judgment againſt *Same* at the laſt Day, nor will they eſcape God's *Wrath* in this Life without a ſevere Repentance. She was *Young* enough to have lived many Years more, if God had pleaſed; and She was *Old* enough to ſee many Afflictions, which made Her the more *ripe* and fit for Heaven.

We have laid Her in the *cold* Grave, thoſe Chambers of *Darkneſs* where we muſt all retire, a *Dormitory* where we muſt fetch a long and ſound *ſleep*; and though *Corruption* be now Her *Lot*, and

Worms

Worms muſt feed upon that *dear Body*, yet I know that Her *Redeemer* lives, and thorough *Chriſt* who is the *Reſurrection* and the Life, *in Her fleſh She ſhall ſee God, and Her Eyes ſhall behold Him, and not another's.* That *dear*, that once ſo *ſweet*, and ſo *beloved* Body, is ſown in *Corruption*, but it ſhall be raiſed in *incorruption*; it is ſown in *diſhonour*, but it ſhall be raiſed in *Glory*; it is ſown in *weakneſs*, but it ſhall be raiſed in *Power*; it is ſown a *natural Body*, but it ſhall be raiſed a *ſpiritual*, and a much *glorified Body*. Then will Her Bleſſedneſs be Conſummate, and Her *Mortal* having put on *Immortality*, She ſhall Triumph and Sing with all the *Quire* of Heaven; *O Death, where is thy ſting! O Grave, where is thy Victory! Thanks be to God, who hath given Her the Victory thorough Our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.*

Whenever my *Diſſolution* comes, I have deſired that I may be laid in the ſame *Grave* with Her, (if it can be) that ſo we may not be *divided* even in *Death* it ſelf; and thorough the infinite *Merits* of Our Bleſſed *Saviour* and *Redeemer*, we may awake and riſe *together* to an Everlaſting Life of *Happineſs* and Glory.

My

My just Grief and Mourning for so great a Loss.

Φύσει γὰρ τὸ ἀνθρώπινον ἐλεεινὸν ὂν πρὸς ἀλλοτρίας δυσφύλακτον συμφορὰς, saith that Elegant *Greek* Historian: *Mankind is by Nature Compassionate in the Calamities of Others.* Who can hear of a sudden *Casualty* or Ruin overtaking any man, and not bestow a *Sigh*, or be affected with a *Pity*? But then when it is a heavy *Accident* befallen a *Friend*, the Loss of a neareſt and *deareſt* Relation, before ones *Face*, in ones *Preſence*, as the ſame *Author* goes on, Τὰ τε δεινὰ ἐπ' ὄψιν πεσόντα, δίκτον περιπαλείας μείζονα. *Grievous things falling under ones Eye, call for greater commiſeration.* Well may I be allow-

Herodian ſub *Marco* Imper.

ed then to lament the *Death* of my *Excellent* MARIA, with more than common *Grief*, and with a more ſenſible Affliction. That *Rueful* Sight, to ſee the *Better Half* of my *Life*, the *tendereſt* part of my *Soul*, expiring before my *Face*, with the gaſtly aſpects of Death (which I never ſaw before) muſt needs give a deeper *Wound*, and a more afflicting ſtroke of *Compaſſion*.

Horat. *Quis deſiderii ſit pudor aut modus tàm chari capitis?* What *Modeſty* or *mean* of Lamenting can be obſerved for ſo dear a *Head?* had I loved *leſs*, ſo had my Grief been *leſs*: but that being *ſuperlatively* above whatever I knew before, and *Her's* confeſſedly the Same, *Juſtice* and Honour calls for a ſuitable Proportion of *Paſſion* in the ſenſe of my *loſs*. And though in *Piety* toward God, I would not, I ought not to ſorrow as without *Hope*,

Hope, yet I may fairly and justly bid *Adieu* to all Comforts of this World, and safely say, that no Happiness here is now *desirable* to me, and much less *Pleasurable*. She was the *dear* Partner of my Joys, the *Alleviator* of my Sorrows, the only Hope and *dear Comfort* for whose *sake* I desired to live or be *happy* in this World; We should have *staid* longer together, or we should have *gone* together. I know to *dye* is Gain to Her, and I do not deplore or repine at Her advantage, but it is my own Misfortune I bewail; To be *Widowed*, to be left behind, that is the sad *Loss* I deplore, and the Mourning *Portion* which I must carry to my Grave.

——*Cùm multos concordes egimus annos*
Auferat hora duos eadem, nec Conjugis (*unquam*
Busta meæ videam, nec sim tumulandus ab (*illâ.*

Ovid Metam.

That

That we might live *many Years* agreeably together, and *dye both* in one Day, was my *Wish* and my Desire. But it was too much Happiness for me, I was not *worthy* to *keep* Her, nor to go with Her; She was prepared and sanctified to receive that *Crown* of Glory, which I was not *Worthy* of, nor *Qualified* for, but must be left here to be *refined* with Troubles and *Afflictions*, Sorrows and *Crosses*, before I may come to the Blessed *Regions* where She is Exalted.

But I am not unsensible how the *Grave* and *Wise* will smile at these my *Melancholy Meditations*, and think that such a Passionate *Love* is but the Effect of *Folly*, or little better then *Frenzy*: And on the other side, the *Malicious* and *Ill-natur'd* will not forbear Reflecting and *Censuring* the Integrity and

and Innocency of our *Affections*. As to the first, I willingly resign them to their own *Conceits*, knowing that true and fervent *Love* is too Noble a *Passion* and too near a-kin to Heaven for them to be acquainted with: For I am of the most Ingenious *Orinda*'s Mind;

That 'tis the greatest Argument to prove
A Beauteous Mind, that it knows how to (Love;
Those kind Impressions which Fate can't (controul,
Are Heaven's Mintage on a Noble Soul:
He's worse than Beast that cannot Love, (and yet
It is not bought for Money, Pains, or Wit.
&c.

But such *Earthy* Souls are commonly taken up with the Admiration of Perishable *Ore*; the Gold and Silver *Mines* are their *Mistresses*, or else they are Wedded to *Ambition* or *Pleasures*, which are yet more *Vain*. *O cur-*

Pers. Sat. 2. *O curvæ in terras animæ, Cælestium inanes!*

O crooked, Earth-bent Souls! that Love
No Heaven-Aspiring Thoughts above.

I know they are very few, *queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan*, who are made of a little finer *Mould*, that can arrive at that heavenly Pitch and Exalted *Love*, to be *Pure*, Virtuous, *Constant* and Eternal; to flame in *Adversity* as well as *Prosperity*, and to pursue the *dear* Object in Death as well as Life. Though I do not quarrel nor impeach such as cannot reach to these *degrees*, between whom the whole Course of their Life is perhaps but a *well-dissembed* Civility (and 'tis well if it pass so, without *Brawls* and more fatal Defiances) and with a great *indifferency* can expect and see each others

others *Deaths* or Ill Fortune; yet I cannot but think any one of a very degenerous Spirit, and too *fæculent* a Nature, that is not capable of *Love* in any measure; and I would have them so Just, with all their *Gravity* and *Wisdom*, not to arraign *Us* too rashly of *Folly* and Weakness.

But for the *Malicious* and *Illnatur'd*, who may ignorantly *Censure* our Affections, and reflect upon what they understand not; if any such there be, I have only this to say, That I think them no *Casuists* nor Competent *Judges*; and having concealed nothing from *Her dear self*, which might be a Burden to Her *Mind*, and She being satisfied that She invaded nobody's *Property*, I am not Sollicitous of others *Censure*, nor do I value the Reflections of all the World. Which is

all

all I care to say in a *Point* of some Nicety; and since the *Scene* is something altered by the unhappy Loss of Her, I have no Pleasure nor *Necessity*, to expose *Another's* Weakness for a *fruitless* Vindication of my self, and an unprofitable *Reputation* of the World. If *Malice*, Prejudice, and *Ill-Nature* guide any body to reflect upon me or Her, that needs no Answer, but only Pity and *Contempt*. Let them look into their own *Hearts* and Consciences, and *Judge not lest they be Judged*; or learn this *Lesson* from the Poet:

Pers. Sat. 4. *Tecum habita, & noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.*

Dwell (Man) at home, within thy self, (and there
Thou't quickly see, how short's thy Furniture.

It

It is the *Right* and *Duty* I owe to so incomparable a *Merit*, to the *Loss* which I suffer of so dear a Consolation and Joy as I had in Her, which I am here Justifying; and how great that was, none can truly *Judge*, but where there hath been the same *Connexion* of Hearts, in the like *dear* and reciprocal *Sympathy* of Affections, which I believe is in very few to be found. But if I think that a perpetual and serious *Mourning* is Just for me to pay; that *Mirth* and Pleasantness no more becomes me; that my sad *Meditations* upon Her *dear Memory* are Delightsome to me, what is that to the *Vain* World? who cannot fix a perfect Happiness and Satisfaction in true *Virtue* and Goodness, and therefore nothing falls *amiss* to them, and are *indifferent* in all Events. Besides, I know

know that if it had Pleas'd God I had *gone* first, and She had survived the Loss of me; a *Mourning* Mind and *Habit* would have been Her *Choice* all the rest of Her days; Joy and *Pleasure* She could never have Entertained, and *Comfort* She would not. And therefore since such is the Will of God that we must be *divided*, I bear it with more Equanimity and *Patience*, that the *Glorious* and Joyful *State* is fallen to be Her *Portion*, and the *Afflicted* and Sorrowful *one* to be mine, rather than *She* should have been left in an *Unkind* World, full of Sorrow, and *disconsolate*. But I am not afraid to own, that it is the most Bitter *Cup* that ever I drank in my Life; which nevertheless I accept with Submission and *Resignation* at the Hands of divine *Providence*; and can only be *sweetned* by following Her quickly, unless God

God vouchsafe to spare me a little to be *Instrumental* to his Glory, and performing some *Honour* to Her *most Dear and Precious* Memory.

In the mean time my Grief is in my Heart, it is *Private* in my own Meditations and *Soliloquies*, and therefore (God knows) *Sincere*, and Just, and *Honourable*. True Sorrow useth no *Ostentation*, nor seeks Applause, *Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet*; *He that grieves truly, seeks no Witnesses*. Secret *Tears*, and mournful *Contemplations* upon *Her Dear Self* and my own heavy Loss, are the frequent *Exercises* of my sad Heart, when none sees but Almighty God. And what I write in these *Sheets* is far from any intended *Publication* of my Sorrows or Affections for Her, but only for the Diversion of my Mind,

Martial.

Mind, and a help to my *Thoughts* when they are imployed upon that *Dear* Object, without knowing or designing that ever they shall come to the sight of any body else. Some very few *Persons* that knew Her, are only Privy to the *Honour* and *Dear* Esteem which I had for Her; and if they or any more should happen hereafter to come to the sight of these *Papers* (wherein I have more freely set down the private Reflections of my Soul) I desire they would endeavour to frame the most *Charitable* Thoughts of me, and the most *Honourable* of Her; and so leave me without Censure upon my *Mournful* Resolutions for a Loss which I *alone* can be worthily sensible of, and therefore shall *dedicate* as long as I live to Her *most beloved* Memory.

When

When I consider the many Chances and *Casualties*, which this *Mortal* Life is Obnoxious to; as sometimes that a *House* happens to be on *Fire*, and perhaps an unfortunate *Lady* Burnt in it; sometimes a *Robbery* upon a Journey, and often *Murder* ensues upon it; with many other unhappy *Accidents* and *Violences* which often overtake even the most *Virtuous* and most *Innocent*; I cannot in *Contemplation* of these things, but be ready even to turn my Complaints into *Praises*, and to bless God for taking Her into His holy and safe *Protection* and Keeping: methinks it is some *Ease* to my Afflicted *Mind* that She is *Safe*, that She is above all possibility of being hurt, or exposed to any Dangers more; and not only so, but that She is also in *Peace*, and Rest, and *Glory*, with Everlasting

Joys. For I muſt confeſs, ſuch was my *Dear* and *Tender* Regard for Her, that I was never out of Her *Sight* (upon my ordinary Occaſions) but my heart *Aked* for Her; I was always fearful of the *Contingencies* of this World, and I could not tell what might befall Her in that very *Moment*; for where my *Treaſure* was, there my *Heart* would be, and I was not quiet in my own *Mind* till I ſaw Her again in Safety. This therefore, together with a Senſe that God knows what is *Beſt* for Us all, is ſome *Eaſe* to my *Mind*, and ſome *Relief* to my *Sorrows*, that though my *Loſs* be *Inconſolable*, yet She is *Happy*, and *Safe* from all the Harms and *Violences* of this inconſtant World; for I muſt own and *declare* (in ſpite of all the *Cenſure* of the World upon it) that if any Siniſter Accident or

Violence

Violence had befallen Her *Dear Perſon*, I believe I ſhould certainly have been *diſtracted*, and have dyed *Deſperate*. Therefore Bleſſed be God that gave Her a *Peaceful* End; His *Will* be done.

In ſhort, I ſhall never be of another Opinion, but that ſhe *Outdid* all Her *Sex* in an inimitable *Affection*, and the moſt obliging *Endearments* of a Sweet and Heavenly *Temper*; and who can pay Honour enough to *ſo Dear* a Soul? who can enough Bewail ſo ſad a *Separation* which hath Bequeathed Miſery and *Sorrow* to Me. All I have to do, is to *Cheriſh* and Honour the *Dear* Remembrance of Her, which I ſhall always do with a *Paſſionate* Affection. I will Love and Eſteem all that are *Related* to Her and *Love* Her, all that *ſpeak well* of Her when She

lived, and Honour Her now She is Dead. But if an *Angel* from Heaven ſhould ſpeak *Ill* of Her, or Impeach Her innate *Virtues* (which were Her own *Genuine* and proper *Qualities*) I would not believe him; God himſelf hath bore Witneſs to Her, and She is now in *Glory*, of whom I willingly confeſs that *my ſelf* was not Worthy, *of whom the World was not Worthy*. And I am ſure, if the Opinion of ſome *Divines* be *Orthodox*, She doth now (with our other *Friends* and Members of the *Church Triumphant* in Heaven) afford me in a more *eſpecial* manner, the benefit of Her *Prayers*, and powerfully intercede with God for *me* Her diſconſolate and *Deareſt Friend*.

See Dr. *Pain's* Sermon upon Queen *Mary's* Death. 1695. pag. 22.

Though Her *Dear* Image is *Engraven* in my Heart, and will never

never be *effaced* out ſo long as I live, yet I have very paſſionately deſired to get the *Figure* of Her *Dear Perſon*, that I might have it before my Eyes, and feed my *ſight* with the Contemplation and Remembrance of *ſo Beloved* an Object. This Happineſs I at laſt obtained, by many Solicitations, out of *Italy* (where I knew She had left Her *Picture*) by means of my Worthy *Friend*, the Honourable *Thomas Kirke* Eſq; His *Majeſty's* Conſul at *Genoua*. Which I *Prize* above all the Treaſures of the *Indies*; and is to me the greateſt *Conſolation* and Pleaſure to look upon, in my *Solitude* and private Meditations. It hath ſome Reſemblance of Her *ſweet Perſon*, Her lively *Eye*, and Her lovely Freſh *Complexion*:

Barcl. Argenis, in Imag. Timocl.

Sic roseis stat forma genis, sic frontis honoræ
Fulget apex, tales accendunt lumina flam-
mæ, &c.

So Beauty through Her Rosy Cheeks did fly,
So shin'd the Glory of Her Sparkling Eye.
&c.

But as all *Copies* come short of the *Originals*, and *Art* of *Nature*, so doth the *faint* Imitation of this *Figure*, come short of Her more *Excellent* and Heavenly *Form*, while Living.

Thus I have only touched upon some peculiar *Qualities*, and drawn a faint *Character* of Her *Virtues* and Excellent *Endowments*, which deserve the Pen of a *Cherubim* to describe to their full *Lustre* and Merit. But if any Persons that are not guided by *Prejudice*, shall chance to see these *Papers*, they may guess by this short *Epitome* of Her Virtues, that She did not want

want all other *Excellencies*; and with *Wise* and Good Men nobody's *Misfortunes* will be Accounted their *Crimes*.

Vows and Meditations.

IT is generally *observable*, that whatever one sets ones *Heart* upon, whatever one delights in and *loves dearly* in this World, One is soonest Robb'd of, and quickly *Loseth*; where One thought to set up Ones *Rest* and *Happiness*, that is soonest taken from One; things that are *indifferent*, or rather Troubles and *Thorns* in Our Sides, remain longer by Us. And this most certainly not without the *Wisdom* and especial *Providence* of Almighty God, who when he sees

ſees his *Prerogative* invaded (which is to have the *whole* Heart) and Our *ſpiritual* Condition in danger, by too much *Fondneſs* and delight in a *Beloved* Object, removes it ~~from us for Our *Good*, to make us~~ ſet Our Affections more on things *above*, and by a ſevere but not an *Angry* Stroke, to bring us nearer to himſelf. Thus it hath pleaſed God to Afflict me in the *tendereſt* part of my *Soul*: She that was the *delight* of my Eyes, the *Joy* of my Heart, the *Breath* of my Noſtrils, and the very *Life* of my Life, is *Gone*, and I left a Mournful *Shadow* behind. But ſince God (I truſt) ſaw it good for me, and *Better* for Her, I Kiſs the *Rod*, ſubmit to His divine *Pleaſure*, and pray him to Sanctify this ſudden Stroke unto me. As *Cardan* divinely ſaith, *Velle debeo quæ Deus vult, non quæ Ego volo*;

lo; Ille ſapientior eſt me, Melior, Potentior, & ſcit quid expediat. I ought to will what God wills, not what I will: He is Wiſer than I, more Good, more Powerful, and knows what is expedient. A moſt pious *Ejaculation* from a Learned *Phyſician*, notwithſtanding the Imputation which generally lies upon that *Profeſſion*.

Cardan. de Util. ex adver. cap. lib. 4. de Luctu, & pag. 835.

This gives me now the Sad *Leiſure* and the *Occaſion* to retire into my ſelf, and as I learn the *Inconſtancy* of all Temporal Enjoyments and Satisfactions, ſo to *wean* me from the World, to *renounce* all Comforts or Pleaſures here, and to meditate upon, and prepare for my *Own Change*, and welcome *Death*. I have little Cauſe to be in love with Life; but if I had all things at *Will*, and more flowing in daily, this Loſs were enough to

ſowre

ſowre the greateſt *Proſperity*. Nevertheleſs, I beſeech God that that part of my Life which (by His *Providence*, ſhall be protracted longer, may be in what *Circumſtances* he pleaſes, moſt for his *Glory*, and the *Good* of others; ſince I ſhall ſtudy very little to gratify my own *Ambition*, *Wealth*, or *Pleaſure*, in which I can now find no *Reliſh*. *Adverſity*, and Loſs of One's *deareſt* Content, will reconcile a Man to thoſe Natural *Antipathies* between *Life* and *Death*, and make One look upon the World as indeed it is, a mere Empty *Bubble*. Next to the Preparations of my Own *Soul* for another Life, my continual Thoughts ſhall be how to do Honour to Her *Dear* Memory. For as all the Malice and *Detraction* in the World cannot injure Her, ſo it ſhall never diminiſh my *Eſteem* and *Affection* for Her: But

But how to *Honour* Her, how to *ſerve* them that *loved* Her, ſhall be my Study and *Delight* as long as I live. And therefore I am pleaſed here to ſet down, and as it were *record* ſome *Vows* and *Reſolutions*, which the Duty of my *Love* to my *Moſt Excellent* MARIA, and my Submiſſion to God's afflicting Hand, hath ſuggeſted to me in my private *Meditations*, that they may ſtand here a Remembrance to my ſelf, if God ſhall give me *Power* and *Liberty*; and an Inſtance to others of my good *Intentions*, if I am prevented by *Death*, or Incapacity.

Wherefore for what is abſolutely in the *Power* and detemination of my Own *Mind* and Faculties, I have *Vowed*, That the *Memory* of Her my *ever Deareſt Lady*, ſhall be always *Honourable*, Precious, and

Dear

Dear to my Thoughts; and that I will ſtudy all the *Acts*, Ways, and Means I can, whereby to ſhew ſuch my Honour and *Dear* Affection to Her. That I will love and reſpect all Her *Relations*; and for Her *dear Sake* I will not be aſhamed of *any*, nor for my *own Sake* proud of *others*, that did not Love and Honour Her. For what ſhall lye in God's Mercy and *Bleſſing* to impower me, I have ſolemnly *reſolved* to give all the Teſtimonies I can, of a particular *Eſteem* and *Affection* to Her only *Siſter* living, for Her *Dear Sake*, and always to love and reſpect her as my *Own* dear Siſter. And to ſhew that I love any thing that *belongs* to Her, and honour the very *Name* for Her *Beloved Sake*, I have *reſolved*, if I live to have Opportunity, upon ſome Occaſion of *Baptiſm*, where I have a *Reſpect*, to

to give Her Own *Native* Name of *EDWIN*, (if it be a Son) in perpetual *Memorial* of Her *Extraction*, and to do ſome more than ordinary *Kindneſs* toward that *Child*, (if God enable me) for Her *dear Name* ſake; and if it be a Daughter, then to *Chriſten* it *MARIA EDWIN*, to perpetuate Her *dear Memory*. Moreover I have deſigned, if God give me Life and Opportunity, to Erect a Monumental *Marble* for Her, where She lies Interred, with a *Latin* Inſcription Compoſed by my ſelf, which however for the better preſerving of it, ſhall be annexed at the End of this *Treatiſe*. I have made a Reſolution alſo to keep a private *Faſt* to my ſelf Yearly upon that Sad Day of Her *Death*, wherein I loſt ſo great a *Treaſure* of Goodneſs and *Love*. But that which ſhall beſt of all Embalm Her

Her *dear Memory*, I have determined (if God bleſs me) to give a perpetual *Anniverſary* Sermon, to be *Preached* in the *Church* of St. *Ann's Soho*, where She is *Buried*, Yearly on the *Sixth* Day of *July*, the Sad Day of Her Deceaſe; and on the ſame Day *Fifty Shillings* Alms to be diſtributed Yearly to the *Poor* of the ſame *Pariſh*, with what elſe I ſhall think fitting. And my deſire and deſign is, that the Subject of the ſaid *Sermon* be always chiefly upon the *Reſurrection*, the State of the *Bleſſed* in Heaven, now after the *Separation*, and the State of their full *Fruition*, when Soul and Body ſhall be united again in *Glory*; and occaſionally, whether we ſhall know Our *deareſt Friends* in Heaven, and whether They know any thing of *Us* left behind. All which I would have always performed by a Learned Orthodox

Divine

Divine of the Church of *England*. Some other things I may perhaps design and execute, if God spare me Life, which occasionally may come into my Mind, to pay the last *Duties* of my *never-dying* Affections, and be always Celebrating Her most *Dear* and Honoured *Memory*. And lastly, I have resolved, as far as I am able, that the *Residue* of my Life shall be *Private* and Quiet, without *Affectation* of Greatness or Riches; but *Content* with what God pleaseth, give my self to *Contemplation*, and study in all Conditions how best to serve the *Ends* of God's Glory.

Suffering and *Affliction* are the *Portion* here, not only of those that will *serve* God, but of those whom God *Loves*; it is the mark of His *Favour*. How dangerous then is the State of the *Great*, the

Rich, and the *Fortunate*? how Happy ſoever they think themſelves, to Live and Dye in an *Uninterrupted* Courſe of fawning *Proſperity*. Is not Our *Saviour* an Example to us of *Suffering*, and of the *Love* of God? and the *Servant* is not greater than his *Maſter*. It was a *Witty* but a wicked *Jeer*, which I have read that *Julian* the *Apoſtate* did uſe to put upon the *Chriſtians*, when they complained of their *Sufferings* and Perſecutions, He would tell them *Ironically*, ὑμῖν ἐστι κακοπαθεῖν *Why, it is your Part to ſuffer Evil.* True, Our holy *Religion* doth teach us ſo, and pronounce us *Bleſſed* when we do ſo; but then there is *another* World to reckon in, quite different from the *Calculation* of this World. It would ſeem a *merry Fancy* to the *Happy* Ones here, if I ſhould tell them,

That

That that is their greateſt *Unhappineſs*; and that *nihil miſerius eo cui nil unquam contigit adverſi*, as I think it is St. *Auguſtine* that ſaith it: *Nothing is more Miſerable than the Man to whom never any Adverſity happened.* He hath reaſon to *Fear* that he is not under God's *Love*, whom He doth not vouchſafe to *chaſtiſe* like a *Father* here. How *Heterodox* ſoever this may ſeem to the Palate of the *Proſperous* and the *Lofty*, and the *Wealthy* of this World, yet the Beſt and *Orthodox* Divines will juſtify me that it is *Sound* Doctrine, and the very *Character* and *Eſſence* of *Chriſtianity*. In this *Quality*, under this *Divine* Stamp, I may pronounce my *moſt Excellent* MARIA *Happy* and *Bleſſed* too, for She was amongſt thoſe *Afflicted* Ones that are *Beloved* of God; She had Her ſhare of *Sufferings* here, which Her ſancti-

fied *Soul* received with *Meekneſs* and *Reſignation*; She wore Her *Saviour's* Crown of *Thorns* in this Life, and I am ſure She will wear the Crown of *Glory* in Heaven for Ever and Ever.

To ſum up all, She was a great *Inſtance* of God's all-Wiſe and Merciful *Providence* both in *Proſperity* and *Adverſity*, both which She temper'd with all *Chriſtian* Virtues and *Graces*. She adorn'd Her *Birth* and Parentage, and the *Family* wanted only a juſt Senſe and *Value*, of what a *Jewel* She was in it, to write it *Noble*. She had a Genteel, *Well-bred* and Diſcreet *Behaviour*; She Improved it by Her Noble *Converſation* abroad, and brought Home nothing of the *Vanity*. She was full of *Love* and Regard toward Her *Friends*, and of a moſt Patient and *Forgiving* Temper

Temper to Her *Enemies.* She was *Pious* to a great Example, *Charitable* to Exceſs, *Grateful* to a Miracle, *Merciful* almoſt to a fault, *Meek* to Admiration, *Humble* to Aſtoniſhment, and in *Conjugal* Affection She Exceeded Her Whole *Sex.* She was Amiable of *Perſon,* of a Sweet Obliging *Temper* and Diſpoſition like an *Angel,* Neat and *Ingenious* in all She did and ſaid, *Prudent* and *Happy* when She was permitted to *Govern* Her ſelf, and in Her Affiance and *Truſt* in God, ſhe came up to the *Faith* and *Piety* of the moſt *Holy* Men recorded in *Scripture.* Her laſt *Sickneſs* and intire *Reſignation* to God's Will (when She had ſome *Content* for which She could have deſired to live) gave the Evident Proofs of Her *Virtues*, and Her *Pious* Death gave Her the *Crown* of Glory due to ſo many *Graces.*

And though Her *State* be now tranſcendently above all the *Happineſs* of Human Life, yet how can I ſufficiently deplore ſo great a *Loſs*? Left Miſerable and *Deſtitute* of thoſe many ſweet Endearments, which the *Riches* of Her Excellencies always entertain'd me with. But I truſt to make the *Beſt* uſe of it, to draw me to God himſelf; the *Fountain* of all Comfort, before whoſe *Throne* of Grace I will pour forth my Complaint and Prayer.

To Thee therefore, O my God, do I direct my Prayers; though I am left alone and ſolitary, yet Thou art with me, whoſe Preſence is better than Life; though my greateſt Comforts are taken from me, though all Friends deſert me and know me not, yet do not Thou forſake me. Thou art Compa-

Company enough, and Comfort enough. O ſupply all things to me by the immediate Refreſhments of Thy Holy Spirit.

For thou O Lord, Ruleſt in Heaven and in Earth, and diſpoſeſt all things by Thy Almighty Providence, to juſt Ends and Purpoſes; and when Thy Diſpenſations here ſeem ſevere, and not agreeable to Fleſh and Blood, yet Thou canſt make them all conducing to thy Glory and Our Eternal Good.

O give me Patience to ſubmit to Thy Will, and to drink willingly the Cup which Thou ſhalt give me; and what it hath not in Pleaſantneſs, let me find in Healthfulneſs, and the inward Comforts of my Soul.

We often paſſionately deſire things, which if Thou ſhouldſt grant, would prove to Our Deſtruction. O give

me Grace to reſign my Will unto Thine, Who knoweſt what is Beſt for me, and art my Heavenly Father thorough Jeſus Chriſt.

Thou wert pleaſed to draw a Cloud of Affiction and much Sorrow over Thy dear Servant and Handmaid, commemorated in theſe Papers, in Her latter Days: but Thou wert pleaſed to look upon Her thorough that Cloud, and to irradiate Her Soul with the Comforts of Thy Holy Spirit.

She truſted in Thee, and thou didſt Relieve Her: Bleſſed be Thy Name, moſt Gracious God, who didſt Exerciſe Her Chriſtian Graces which Thou gaveſt Her, and now haſt Crowned them with Glory.

Bleſſed be Thy Mercy to Her, for Her Meekneſs, Her Patience, Her Re-

Reſignation to Thy Will in the time of Her Sickneſs, and in the hour of Death.

Thou, O Lord, haſt done that which was beſt for Her, and Rewarded Her Pious Soul with Heavenly Joys; Thou haſt wiped away all Tears from Her Eyes, and fill'd Her with Gladneſs and Pleaſures at Thy right Hand for Evermore.

Forgive them O God, who any way Injured Her, or ſhewed any unnatural unkindneſs to Her while She Sojourned here, and let them ſee the neceſſity of a ſevere Repentance for being unjuſt to ſo great Virtue and Innocency, that Thou may'ſt be Reconciled to them.

And as for thoſe that, by Thy Grace, relieved Her Neceſſities, comforted Her Sorrows, eas'd Her Afflictions

Afflictions, or any way Administred help to Her Spiritual or Temporal Condition; Reward them (O God) with Thy Blessings here; Hear and Relieve them in the day of Trouble, and bring them to partake with Her, in Thy Everlasting Kingdom of Heaven.

But as I have the greatest share in the loss of Her dear Person here, and perhaps am the only true Mourner for Her Death, so do thou O Gracious God, comfort my Afflicted Soul; let me sorrow as is my Duty and Obligation for One so dear and so deserving; but let me not sorrow as without Hope, but rejoyce in Thy Mercies, who hast provided for Her an Eternal Weight of Glory.

Thou didst unite Our Hearts together by Thy all-disposing and unsearchable Providence, in Thy Fear,

in

in ſincere and ardent Affections, founded in Virtue and Honour, and not governed by any baſe temporal Ends or Advantages.

If there were any Error or Tranſgreſſion in Thy ſight, it was mine and not Her's; and do Thou be Merciful O God, to all my Frailties, and the Errors of my Judgment.

Who can tell how oft he offendeth? O cleanſe Thou me from my ſecret Faults; and keep thy ſervant from preſumptuous Sins, that they may not have Dominion over me.

I confeſs, O Lord, I have not uſed the Proſperity Thou gaveſt me, to thy Honour and Glory, ſo as I ought to have done; and therefore Thou haſt imbittered it with ſore Afflictions and Misfortunes, and now at laſt haſt taken the deareſt Comfort and Sup-

Support of my Life away alſo. Even ſo Lord God, Thy Will be done; what am I ſinful Duſt and Aſhes, that I ſhould reply againſt Thee? Only be pleaſed of Thy infinite Mercy to ſanctify all Thy Diſpenſations to me, that ſo I may always Praiſe and Glorify Thy Holy Name, and ſay that of Thy Righteouſneſs Thou haſt Afflicted me, and Juſt and Righteous art Thou in all Thy Judgments.

O Lord forſake me not in my Adverſity, and in my Proſperity give me Grace never to forget nor forſake Thee.

Be Merciful unto me, O God, be Merciful unto me, for my Soul truſteth in Thee, and under the ſhadow of thy Wings ſhall be my Refuge, untill this Calamity be overpaſt.

O my

O my Soul tarry thou the Lord's leiſure; be ſtrong and he ſhall Comfort thy Heart, and put thou thy truſt in the Lord.

But if it be Thy Heavenly Will, that the Portion of my remaining Life ſhall be ſorrow, and care, and affliction, I embrace thy Croſs, and kiſs thy Rod; and with the Loſs of that deareſt Partner of my Life, all Pleaſures of this World have loſt their Reliſh.

Let not the Sins of my Proſperity deprive me of the Benefit of thy Afflictions upon me. But if Thou ſhalt vouchſafe to lift up the light of thy Countenance upon me again in the Comforts and Bleſſings of this World, give me Grace to uſe them to thy Glory, and the Comfort of many.

Permit,

Permit, O Dear God, that Her Memory may be ever Precious and Honourable to me; that I may always Love it and Esteem it, in Thee and for Thee, and subordinate to my Love and Adoration of Thee, and Submission to Thy Heavenly Pleasure.

Give me Grace to imitate Her Virtues, to practise Her Piety, to live Her Life, and to die Her Death; that being gathered together with Her, and my Ashes composed with Her dear Ashes, we may sleep in Thee, and wait together a glorious Resurrection thorough our blessed Redeemer, who liveth for Ever, and arrive at last where Thou dwellest, O King of Kings, who fillest Heaven and Earth, who art the Fountain of Eternal Life, in whom is no shadow of Death.

Lord,

Lord, let thy Servant depart in Peace, for mine Eyes have seen Thy Salvation.

Even so come Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.

Vota dabunt, quæ Fata negârunt.

THE

THE CONCLUSION To the READER.

IN this ſmall *Treatiſe* will be found (perhaps) ſome little degree of *Learning* and *Reading* occaſionally interſperſed, which may be ſomething *divertive*. Here you may obſerve, as the *Inſtability* of all Worldly things, ſo the *Vitiated* Nature, or *Ignorance* of the moſt part of Mankind, who admire nothing but *Riches* and *Greatneſs* and *Power*, and can't ſee *Virtue* in a *Cloud*; but inſult over *Unfortunate* Piety or *Ingenuity*: And even by the moſt *Vile* and *Abject* Perſons, unhappy *Merit* is trampled on and deſpiſed, who in your

your *Glorious Fortune* would lick the *Duſt* of your Feet. As Afflicted *Job* complained that he was *Derided* by Such, *whoſe Fathers* (in his Proſperity) *he would have diſdained to have ſet with the Dogs of his Flock*; for, ſaith he, *they were children of Fools, yea children of baſe men; and now am I their ſong, yea I am their by-word, they abhor me, and ſpare not to ſpit in my Face.* This was *Job*'s Lot, when he fell into *Adverſity*; he found the difference between *Unhappy Job*, and *Proſperous Job*; he who was a *Perfect* and *Upright* Man, and once the *Greateſt* of all the Men of the *Eaſt*. When he *waſhed his ſteps with Butter, and the Rock poured him out Rivers of Oyl*, then all *Reverenced* him, and every thing he ſaid was an Oracle, *the Aged aroſe before him, and ſtood up; Princes refrained talking, and the Nobles*

Job 30. 1.

Ver. 8, 9, 10.

Chap. 29. 6.

held their Peace; but when he was *ſmitten* by the Hand of God, and all *ſweep'd* away, then *Job* was no *Wiſer* than other Men, and the *meaneſt* had him in *Deriſion*. A full and *ſad* inſtance of the *falſe* and fooliſh *humour* of the World, which I have juſtly *taxed* in ſome Paſſages of this *Treatiſe*.

Here You will alſo find the *Honour* and Ornament to be Born of *Virtuous*, though *Humble* Parentage. Here You will find in general, the very *Picture* of the Excellent
Prov. 31. *Wife*, whom *Solomon* deſcribes, whoſe Price is above *Rubies*. You will find the *Character* all made good in my *Dear* and *moſt Excellent* MARIA. You will ſee Her ſignal *Piety*, Her fervent *Charity*, Her tranſcendent *Gratitude*, Her inimitable *Conjugal* Affection, Her ſweet and heavenly *Temper*, Her *Inge-*

Ingenuity, Her Affiance and *Truſt* in God's all-ſufficient *Providence*, Her *Pious* and Bleſſed *End*; My Juſt perpetuál *Mourning* for Her, and my *Vows* and *Reſolutions* after ſo *dear* a Loſs. You will find ſuch a *Chain* of *Virtues* and Heavenly *Graces*, as have not only Embalmed Her *Memory* to all Poſterity, but do Exhibit Her the *Pattern* of all *Goodneſs* and *Excellency*, to be imitated by all Virtuous *Ladies*, that would be *Honoured* here, and *Bleſſed* hereafter. In this little *Hiſtory* of Her; you will find a *Series* of ſeveral Divine *Providences*, illuſtrated by divers *Examples*, as well as glorified in Her particular *Caſe*.

In Short, You will find Occaſion for *Love* and *Admiration*, for *Grief* and *Mourning*, for *Reſentment* and *Paſſion*, for *Patience* and

Reſignation, for *Joy* and *Extaſie*; *Virtues* to imitate, *Graces* to celebrate, a bleſſed *Example* to follow, and a Glorious *State* to Emulate and *ſtrive* to arrive at. How great then is the *Loſs* which I *Deplore*? May this little *Monument* of Her *Goodneſs* and my *Affection* live till *Time* ſhall be no more, but *all* ſhall be Swallowed up in *Glory* and in *Eternity*. May *all* that ſhall happen to *Read* theſe *Papers*, think and ſpeak *Honourably* of Her, and *Charitably* of Me; May they imitate Her *Piety*, Honour and Love Her *Memory*, and May *thoſe* that do ſo, be ever *Bleſſed* with Her hereafter. But if there be any ſo *Wicked* or *Malicious* to ſpeak any thing in *Diſhonour* or *Derogation* of Her, let the *Pſalmiſt* reply for me,

Pſal. 120. 3. *What Reward ſhall be given or done unto thee, thou falſe Tongue? Even mighty and ſharp arrows, with hot Burning*

Burning Coals. I have ſatisfied my *Affection* and my Juſt *Grief* and *Duty* to Her *Dear Memory*, in Collecting my Scattered *Thoughts* and *Meditations*; which how weakly ſoever *Performed*, yet are a Melancholy *Conſolation* to me, and I have no body elſe to *Pleaſe*. And now, A *Well-fare* to the *Readers*, if they be *Worthy* and *Ingenious*, and A *Farewel* to the *Reſt*.

FINIS.

Carmen Sepulchrale:

OR,

A Latin Lapidary VERSE,

In Memory of my DEAREST,

The Most Excellent

MARIA.

AND

Done into English *for the Sake of the*

FAIR SEX,

That will bear Her Deserved Praises without Prejudice.

Cujus in animo & amantissimo Pectore, lætior vitæ meæ status viguit, tristior acquievit: Verùm nulla tam modesta felicitas est, quæ malignitatis dentes vitare possit. *Valer. Max.* de *Amicitiâ.*

ANNO DOM. MDCCI.

Carmen Sepulchrale:

P. M. S.

P. M. S.

MARIA hic juxtà reconditur.
Maria Gratiâ plena,
Hîc Fato Obnoxia duriori
Ut majora referat Cœleſtia Præmia,
Militavit, Vicit, Triumphat,
Æternùm celebranda, imitanda.
Pia, Suavis, Manſueta, Prudens,
Factis & dictis Elegans,
Animo ac Formâ verè Cœleſti.
Virtute quàm Familiâ Nobilior,
Cujus ſed & ipſa Decus ſola
Edwinorum Stirpem Ornavit, & fecit Nobilem.
Fidem Conjugalem ſanctiſſimè coluit
Contenta Deo Teſte, & Virtute conſciâ.
Fortunam utrámque Experta eſt inconcuſſo animo,
Nec Proſperis elata, nec adverſis dejecta,
Illinc Humilitate, *hinc* Fortitudine clarior.
Morum Suavitate Omnes devinxit,
Et ἀϛοργίαν *Suorum* ſummâ Virtute vicit,
Amicis Gratiam, inimicis Pœnitentiam relinquens.
Sed ipſam eluctatam, plus quàm Victricem
In tutelam ſuam recepit Deus O. M.
Et in Cœleſtem Chorum evocavit.

Ah!

Ah! cùm Te meæ partem chariorem animæ, rapuit,
Maturior Vis, quid moror altera?
Jaces heu! dulce meum Cor, mea Vita,
Animæ desiderium ac deliciæ meæ,
Optimarum Conjugum Princeps optima.
Sine Te Gaudium sperare non possum,
Solatium nolo,
Honores respuo,
Divitias sperno,
Obloquia Mundi calco,
Etiam & Vitæ tædet.
Veni citò Mors Grata,
Redde me meæ MARIÆ,
Unus nos capiat Tumulus
Nec vel in Morte divisos,
Certam in *Christo* & Beatam manentes Resurrectionem.

Obiit VI. die Julii. Anº 1699.

Immortali amori inscripsit, quantùm per Gemitus licuit, Et Conjux, & Parens, & Solus amicus,

D. EDOARDUS DERING,

EQUES AURATUS.

Sacred

Sacred to Her Bleſſed Memory.

NEar this Place MARIA is laid,
Maria *full of Grace*;
Here obnoxious to the Harder Fate,
To receive the Greater Rewards in Glory,
She hath fought, She hath conquer'd, She triumphs,
To be for ever celebrated, for ever imitated.
Pious, Sweet, Meek, and Prudent;
Ingenious in all She did or ſaid;
Of Mind and Form truly Heavenly.
More Noble in Her Virtues than Family;
Of which yet She alone the Ornament,
The Edwin's *Race adorn'd and made it Noble.*
Conjugal Faith She honour'd and kept Sacred,
Content with God a Witneſs, and Her Conſcious
(Virtue,
Both Fortunes ſhe experienc'd with an unſhaken Mind.
Neither ſwell'd with Proſperity, nor dejected in
(Adverſity;
More Illuſtrious in That *by Her Humility, in* This
(by Her Courage.
By the Sweetneſs of Her Diſpoſition She obliged all,
And the Aſtorgie *of ſome near Relations*
She overcame with exceſſive Virtue,
Leaving Favour to Her Friends, and Repent-
(ance to Her Enemies.
But Her ſelf having fought out, and more than
(Conqueror,
The

The Blessed God received into His own Protection,
And called out into the Heavenly Quire.
Alas! since Thee, the dearer Part of my Soul,
Too sudden a Force hath snatch'd away,
Why do I the other stay behind?
Thou art laid, Ah me! my dearest Heart, my Life,
The longing desire and delight of my Soul;
Of the Best Wives, the most Excellent Princess.
Without Thee, hope for Joy I cannot,
Comfort I will not;
Honours I refuse,
Riches I despise,
The Obloquy of the World I trample on,
And even of Life it self am weary.
Come quickly Welcome Death,
Restore me to my MARIA:
Let One Grave contain Us Both,
Not yet in Death it self divided,
Waiting in Christ *a certain and Blessed Resurrection.*

She Died VIth of *July*, 1699.

To Immortal Love inscribed, as far as Grief would permit,
By Her Husband, and Father, and Only Friend,

Sir EDWARD DERING,

KNIGHT.

Suspiria

Suſpiria Deringiana.

OR,

Her DERING's *Sighs for His Ever Deareſt* MARIA,

Who Died the Sixth of July, 1699.

A *Dieu* Bleſt *Saint*, my laſt and deareſt *Love*;
Henceforth my Thoughts and Joys are all (Above.
Thou well might'ſt ſay, Thou would'ſt thy *Sex* (outdo,
The Beſt of *Wives*, and Beſt of *Women* too:
So Great! but Oh too ſhort a Bleſſing given;
Lord! make our Joys and Loves compleat in (Heaven.
If e're I any Other *Love* ſhould have,
Her, Thou my *Dear*, muſt *rival* in Thy Grave;
My Heart is *there* with Thee, and I can give
Nothing but Shadow, who a *Shadow* live.
But Love, and Vows, and Sacred Grief, do all
Secure me from that Falſe Diſloyal *Fall:*
Thy

Thy *Merit* and Thy Virtues claim this Share,
To live and dye Thy Faithful *Widower*:
I'll *Mourn* Thee ever, not with *Black* adorn;
He truly *mourns*, that in his *Heart* doth mourn.
Not *Death* it ſelf ſhall Thee divorce, but I
Will *keep* and *follow* Thee above the *Sky*;
There meet again in *Joy*, as We are *One*,
T' attend the Heav'nly *Bridegroom* on his Throne.
And He alone, *Redeemer* of my Soul,
Can raiſe my *Droſs* to match Thy pureſt *Gold*;
Then we ſhall never *Part*: O Bleſſed Day!
To live in Endleſs *Love* and *Halleluia*.

Look down, *Dear Saint*, look down from (Heav'n, and ſee
Us grov'ling *Worms*, who fain would follow Thee.
Tell us how *Saints* and *Angels* there do love,
And only ſuch as *Thine* was here, approve:
Teach us Thy Virtuous *Love* to imitate,
If e're we hope to enter Heaven's Gate:
Teach us to *Live* and *Love* like *Thee*, and ſo
Our Souls ſhall be all *Love*, as *Thou* art now.

Farewell vain *Comforts* of this World, I now
Renounce your *Honours*, *Wealth*, and *Pleaſures* too.
Tho you could give what *Heart* can wiſh, and (crown
Them all with *Youth* again, yet She being gone,
I'd quit your gawdy *Toys*, embrace the *Croſs*;
Proſperity hath now its *Reliſh* loſt.
Tears are my Portion, and o'reflowing Eyes,
My *Dear* MARIA's daily *Sacrifice*.

Too

Too mean *Oblation*! E're this for me
Sh' had drop'd Her *Life*; Why then *ungratefully*
Do I *ſurvive*? Unleſs the ſuffering
A *hated* Life, and kept from following
Her *deareſt Soul*, in ſome degree may come
Near to the Merit of a *Martyrdom*:
In this World's *Furnace* I muſt be refin'd,
My groſs and *Earthy* Parts be more *Calcin'd*;
And make me *Worthy* to Participate
With *Thee* the *Glories* of Thy Heav'nly *State*:
Then Both *Triumphant* o're theſe Things below,
We'll *Sing*, and *Love*, and *Live* as *Angels* do.

Utinàm ante manu
Grandæva ſuâ, mea rupiſſet
Stamina Clotho, tua quàm mœrens
Funera vidi.

Sen. Trag. Octav.

O that the Fates had firſt cut off my Thread!
E're at Thy Fun'ral my ſad Tears I ſhed.

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